

P. H. S. CLASS OF 1906

Heard Baccalaureate Sermon Delivered By Rev. L. H. Thayer

BEFORE A LARGE AUDIENCE AT THE NORTH CHURCH ON SUNDAY EVENING

Relatives And Friends Turned Out In Large Numbers To Listen To A Most Interesting Address

THE CHARGE TO THE MEMBERS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS FULL OF TIMELY INSPIRATION --- TEXT OF SERMON IN PART

At the North Church on Sunday evening the Baccalaureate sermon to the class of 1906, Portsmouth High School, was delivered by Rev. L. H. Thayer.

In addition to the graduates, a large audience of parents and friends listened to the inspiring sermon, which was for the most part delivered extemporaneously.

The sermon in part follows:

Two passages from the New Testament supply the scriptural basis for our thought this evening.

The first is found in I Cor. 6:9, "Ye are not your own, for ye were bought with a price."

The second passage is from John 16:18, "No one taketh it away from me, but I lay it down of myself."

The first text is an affirmation by a Christian apostle that a man's life does not belong to himself. "Ye are not your own for ye were bought with a price."

The second text is a solemn yet exultant declaration of the Master of all Christians that, in the deepest sense his life was at his own disposal. "No man taketh it from me, I lay it down of myself."

The passages stand in sharp contrast, yet they are supplementary to each other; as together they interpret the fundamental law of the universe, the law of service. One text states why a man must serve. The other text declares the spirit in which a man should serve. One enforces duty; the other emphasizes privilege. One is an announcement of obligation; the other is an assertion of freedom.

One passage is a terse summary of the age-long sacrificial effort by means of which contemporary life with its opportunities and resources has emerged. The other passage is the utterance of the deepest self-consciousness of a young man, who so identified himself with the eternal purpose of divine love as to become the central figure in history, the name of noble living, and the effective religious personality for a great company of believers. Together the passages set forth the truth that while our state is that of slaves we are yet to live in the spirit of freemen; that though we are owned yet we should be uncompelled.

These texts then afford us as a theme "The Duty and Privilege of Service," and it is our purpose to consider especially the elements of obligation and freedom which while seemingly opposed, inhere with full accordance in that service which is dominated by the principle of love.

The speaker then enlarged upon the element of obligation closing this section as follows:

"Light more light" is a God inspired cry, but its answer has demanded sacrificial souls who submitted to the divine passion, which consumes while it enlightens and redeems. No

light has flashed upon the dark ways of men except as human minds have been kindled and have glowed with the fire of truth. No warmth has comforted and cheered human life except as hearts have burned and selfishness has been destroyed.

No fragrance has refreshed the atmosphere of earth which has not been expressed from the bruised spirits of the children of men.

The immemorial sacrifices of suffering motherhood, of faithful fatherhood, of weary toilers on land and sea, of oppressed delvers far beneath sea and land, of devoted and unthankful teachers, of passionate and dried prophets, of bleeding soldiers, of rejected statesmen, have served to make us and our generation.

Life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness, the free communion with God, all the comfortable and rewarding conditions of civilization have been obtained and are being extended at a cost appalling to contemplate. Standing here with the gift of life and recalling its history facing our large opportunities and remembering how they were secured, are we not compelled humbly to acknowledge that we have nothing which we have not received, must we not confess that we are not our own but bought with a price?

In closing his remarks on the Freedom of Service, the speaker said:

So unnumbered services and sacrifices, world old, but constantly repeated, take us back to the men and women of many generations, and make us, beyond any choice of ours, yoke fellows with even the humblest of our own time, as together we are shut up under the law of service.

But it is our privilege not to go to our work lashed and cringing, or bribed and shamefaced. It is our high privilege to go elate with the gladness of men who recognizing the obligation have risen to the heights of unconstrained and uncompelled service, having in us the mind that was in Christ Jesus, who, taking the form of a servant, and being found in fashion as a man, humbled himself, becoming obedient unto death, yea the death of the cross!

Charge To The Class

Members of the class of 1906, like all the honors of your commencement time which this service introduces, this occasion is peculiarly your own. Yet it is not yours alone. Others have labored to make it possible, have waited for it and have gathered to it. Their claims cannot be gainsaid. Fathers, mothers, friends and teachers have an interest in the occasion deeper than they dare to reveal. To it men, women and children look with patient expectation, a multitude as yet unknown to you, who needing friends and helpers rejoice in the closing of another period of your preparation for service.

Unseen, by the outward eye there gather here the originators of our

common school system, the makers of this commonwealth, the fathers of Pascataqua. With them come in strange guise and humble mien both the famous and the unrecognized men and women whose careful observations, patient research, fearless investigations and unnumbered toil opened up the fields of learning in which you have been working. Others, all these, who have labored and into whose labors you have entered. With them comes the Lord and Master of life Himself, who came not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many.

Why are these here and what wait they for? They are here because without you they may not be made perfect, and they wait for a final act of consecration on your part, before you leave the familiar scenes of the past four years. These oracles ask you to confess that you are not your own, that you are bought with a price. They plead for a self dedication of the living power within you, that no man take it from you, but that you lay it down of yourself. They wait for you to recognize your obligation and to assert your freedom. I charge you disappoint them not!

In their name I greet you, congratulating you on your preparation for service, and on your chance to work and learn in the best and most interesting age the world has ever known. In their name I welcome you to the ranks of workers, counselling you to be diligent, humble hearted, open minded, that you become craftsmen in your chosen calling, and passed masters in the art of life.

In their name I wish for you no keener joy than that of work freely chosen and intelligently undertaken, and no greater reward than that of work well done. Remembering the unselfish careers and honorable services of those out of the past, who view this scene, I charge you to be unspoiled by any success that may be won with honor, and to fear no defeat which maintains and develops character. "Count it all joy" should you, by happy chance, be numbered with those who are

"Figures too great for victory
Hearts too unspoiled for gain."
I counsel you to be of good courage, filled with the hope which supports those who seek not their own things apart from the things of others. Render uncompelled service to all according to your opportunity and ability, but be subservient to no man and to no oppressive custom, through motives either of greed or of fear.

Finally, in the name of those here gathered, the living and those who live indeed, I charge you my young friends to make it evident by your true lives that while the American public school can train for sound scholarship, capable leadership and prosperous careers, that primarily our schools are planted to develop moral and spiritual power, and to nurture brotherly men and gracious women, who love justice, mercy and peace; who will cooperate in seeking a better political and social order and fairer industrial methods and conditions, who will be loyal supporters of the institutions of religion, and accepting the obligations and responsibilities of service in this twentieth century will freely offer themselves and go in the way of the cross, that democracy may triumph, that the republic may endure, and that the Kingdom of God may be established.

Therefore let us also, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and perfecter of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising shame, and hath sat down at the right hand of the throne of God.

The following was the order of worship:

Organ prelude, Phantasia,

Rheinberger

Anthem, To Deum Laudamus, Marz

Choir, "Remember Now Thy Creator

In the Days of Thy Youth," Buck

Hymn.

Prayer.

Tenor solo, "How Long Wilt Thou

Forget Me." Buck

Hymn.

Sermon.

Hymn.

Benediction.

Organ Postlude, Grande Choeur in F,

Salome

Customary state camp weather.

KITTERY LETTER

Newsy Items From Across The River

REAL DAUGHTER OF THE REVOLUTION

Dangerous Plight Of The Schooner Yacht Magnolia

GOSSIP OF A DAY COLLECTED BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

Kittery, June 18.

Mrs. Rachel Maria Fernald today observed the ninety-fourth anniversary of her birth at her home. Mrs. Fernald is a real daughter of the Revolution and has interesting tales of the trials and privations of her father while in the army.

She was born at Eliot on June 18, 1812, and was the twelfth child of Mr. and Mrs. Eliot Frost. She has lived nearly her entire life within a mile of her home, and has traveled but once, to Boston about thirty years ago. Up to within a few years she had never seen an electric car. She was married in 1841 to Reginald Fernald and they lived on the old farm until his death. Two daughters are still living.

Mrs. Fernald comes of fine stock, as she is sixth in descent from Nicholas Frost, who settled in Eliot in 1630, and whose son, Capt. Charles Frost, was killed by Indians. Her grandmother was Sarah Pepperrell, a niece of Sir William.

The entertainment given for the benefit of the seniors of Traip Academy on Friday evening was a brilliant success and gave the diminutive class a good lift toward graduation.

The junior exhibition will be held in Academy Hall on Tuesday evening, June 19. Following are the members of the class: Mary E. Bond, Merie S. Bond, Ethel F. Cottle, Calvin H. Cobb, C. Mildred Donnell, Overt E. Gerry, Lillian M. Godfrey, Essie M. Pierce, Annie E. Phillips, Ruth C. Philbrick, Cora M. Seaward, Mary E. Sterling, Annie G. Tobey.

Miss Ruth Evelyn Kauffman remains critically ill at her home.

Two men from the Stone Wireless Telegraph Company will arrive at the Isles of Shoals this week to install the wireless instruments at the station there.

A regular meeting of Odd Fellows will be held at Odd Fellows' Hall this evening.

The heavy rain of Sunday effectually put a stop to all forms of recreation. All the cisterns in town are overflowing and in many cases cellars also.

Incoming mariners report a heavy gale and sea outside.

Capt. William G. Shackford has put his ketch "Hornet" in commission for the season.

The Children's day concerts were postponed for a second time at both the Christian and Methodist churches on Sunday on account of rain and at the Methodist Church all evening services were omitted.

Letters are advertised at the post office for the period ending June 30, for Capt. H. A. Jordan schooner Margaret; Miss Jeannette Plummer, Daniel A. A. V. Rodgers and Henry Smith.

A stated meeting of Naval Lodge of Masons will be held Wednesday evening at Grange Hall.

Tug M. Mitchell Davis, Capt. Thomas B. Hoyt, did a very creditable piece of towing on Saturday. She passed Whalesback light at half-past two in the afternoon with the big three masted schooner Emma F. Angell in tow for the Kennebec River; left her at Parker's Flats, at the mouth of the river and returned, arriving at half-past eight Sunday morning, a total distance of 134 miles in eighteen hours, half of the distance with a large vessel in tow and

the thick weather as an additional handicap.

Kittery Point

The schooner yacht Magnolia of Boston, owned by Commodore Edward P. Boynton of the Corinthian Yacht Club, bound from Five Islands, Me., to her home port, carried away the goose neck to her main boom while off Seguin in the heavy easterly rainstorm of Sunday, thus totally disabling her mainsail.

Portsmouth was made at about three o'clock on Sunday afternoon and the little yacht worked in under foresail and headsails, a very creditable performance, by the way.

Off Fort McClary, however, handicapped by her condition, and being short handed, she narrowly escaped going on the rocks, and as it was, anchored just in time, but directly on an unmarked ledge. The Herald correspondent put out in a boat from shore and notified the strangers of their dangerous position and they changed their berth; otherwise at low tide Portsmouth Harbor would have had a wreck.

The following yachts are in port: steamer Juanita, owned by Frank B. McQueston of Boston; schooner Magnolia, owned by Edward P. Boynton of Boston, and sloop Wasaka, owned by Mr. Adams of Marblehead.

S. Ellery Jennison is passing a few

(Continued on fifth page)

LOST MAINSAIL

Schooner Lulu W. Eppes Was In Danger

AT ANCHOR ALL NIGHT ON LEE SHORE

Tug Which Went To Rescue Could Not Find Her

LOCATED EARLY IN THE MORNING AND TOWED TO WHARF.

The schooner Lulu W. Eppes, Capt. Ernest Ray, of and from Ellsworth, Me., for Boston, while running for the lower harbor late on Saturday afternoon in the heavy easterly gale, carried away her mainsail and flying jib and was obliged to anchor close to the rocks off Straw's Point, Rye. A flag was set union down in

the main rigging and Capt. Remick, the Rye Beach life-saving station put off and later telephoned to this city for a tug.

The Portsmouth, Capt. Perkins, was dispatched to the scene, but in the thick weather was unable to sight the distressed craft until early this (Monday) morning, when she put out a second time.

The schooner was docked at Spring Market wharf where she will lie until new sails are secured. Although she is not leaking much, considerable water found its way below by way of the hatches. The vessel is loaded with 11,000 feet of lumber.

This case is almost identical with that of the schooner Lizzie Carr, which was wrecked on Concord Point, Jan. 7, 1905. Both vessels carried away sails and were obliged to anchor on a lee shore. In this case, however, Capt. Ray was glad of the services of the tug, while Capt. Mercant of the Carr declined all assistance.

BODY FOUND BESIDE TRACK

Francis H. Porter of Winnisquam was killed sometime Saturday night by a train near Laconia. His body was found beside the tracks about one o'clock Sunday morning. Porter went to Laconia to obtain medicine for his two-year-old adopted daughter, who is ill. This daughter and his wife survive him.

Geo. B. French Co

EVERY DAY NEEDS THAT WILL INTEREST YOU, BOTH COMFORTING AND CONVENIENT.

As a tonic for warm weather take home a Fir Balsam Pillow

Just gathered from the woods of Maine. For those who cannot visit the depths of the primeval forests here is a fragrance delightful for.....

75c.

Comfort in Our Hammock Chairs

We have the latest specialty in this line. Perfectly safe and restful.....

\$2.50.

Hammocks

In large variety and combining pleasurable qualities with desirable colors...

\$1.00 Each up to \$8.50.

Porch Screens

For the Piazza in the Native Bamboo and Venetian Manufacture at extreme low prices.

White Mountain Ice Cream Freezers

None that make the process easier or with better results. Economy in time and cost of freezing.

Hosiery Bargains

Some lots for Misses and Children in Tan and Black, worth 15c, for.....

10c.

Others with some sizes sold out, were 25c, for.....

19c.

The Sale of Summer Silks

Which began on Saturday will be continued for a few days and we add other lots of Silks that are to arrive today, being the balance of our recent purchase. We shall include a large variety of Taffeta Silk in both plain and changeable shades, asking the one price for your choice.....

39c.

THE BEST SILKS that we have ever shown at the price. An opportunity not coming every day, as the Silks are RARE BARGAINS.

MANY MOTORISTS

Came With Their Machines To Rye Beach

SUNDAY'S RAIN DAMPENED THE ENTHUSIASM

Under favorable conditions, the annual run of the Bay State Automobile Association got under way Saturday afternoon en route for Rye Beach. This run has always been a very enjoyable affair and this year's trip promised to be no exception, though Sunday's rain dampened the enthusiasm.

Leaving town, no attempt was made to have a round-up of the party before starting and in this respect it was a sort of a go-as-you-please method of departure. It was estimated by the runs and tours committee of the club that at least 100 people took part in the run.

The committee of the Bay State Automobile Club in charge of the run comprised E. A. Gilmore, Roy Paye and A. H. Barnard. Of this trio, Mr. Gilmore of the best known on account of his many years of service with the Rambler Company.

By the way, the combined forces of the New York motorists and those of the Bay State Association will leave for the mountains on the morning of July 26, stopping at the Farragut House, Rye Beach, for lunch, and continuing on to the Wentworth for dinner and the night. Friday, the 27th, will be spent in covering the distance from this point to Bretton Woods, where all should arrive for dinner the same evening.

The stop at Bretton Woods will cover Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, the 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st of July. The Glidden tourists will arrive on Saturday and will be met by the motorists of New York and Boston.

ABSTRACT OF SERMON

Delivered On Sunday Morning At The New Church Chapel

At the New Church chapel, Little Harbor Road, yesterday, the usual morning service was held at 10.30 o'clock. The subject of the sermon was "The Sabbath State and the Sabbath Day." The idea underlying the word "Sabbath Day is to be served in such a way as to help the soul to reach the Sabbath State. The Sabbath Day implies a relation between itself and the other days of the week. We cannot rest on Sundays unless we work on weekdays. Just the Sabbath School State, which is one of strong and quiet peace, cannot come to us excepting after spiritual labor combat and victory over temptation and yet we cannot say, "Oh, I need not bother about keeping the Sabbath. Day holy, so long as I am overcoming my temptations, and so preparing to enter the Sabbath State, which is what the Sabbath Day stands for!" This would be ignoring the fact that the leisure of Sundays is a necessary opportunity for nourishment and strengthening our souls to meet our temptations at all times. On the other hand, it would be just as false to say, "I very particular to keep the Sabbath Day holy not to do any work, always go to church and read my Bible; and therefore, I need not think about my religion duties so much during the week. After all, religion is one thing and belongs to Sunday, but business is another and belongs to week days; it is a mistake to try and mix the two things up." This would be making religion a mere form, disconnecting it from life, and cheating ourselves out of the blessing which comes from having the affections of our lives rooted in love to the Father and our fellow-men. The more quiet refreshment of mind and soul, we carry over into our daily work from Sunday the more of the Sabbath State—the strength and quiet confidence which comes from overcoming obstacles—can we extract from the work of our week day lives and carry into the rest of Sunday. We cannot separate the rest of Sunday from the work of a way life of the week. The can be no rest without previous labor, and no strong labor without its proper rest.

Just so, we cannot gain the quiet, blessed state of confidence and peace which is called the Sabbath State, unless we have previously prayed, labored and fought to overcome the selfishness which besets our souls.

The text was taken from the fifty-eight chapter of Isaiah, verses XIII and XIV: "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the

Lord honorable, and shalt honor Him, not thine own ways nor finding thine own pleasure, nor spending thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord, and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places upon the earth and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob, thy father, for mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

CHILDREN'S SUNDAY

Exercises Postponed Until 7.30 This Evening.

Yesterday was to be observed as Children's Sunday at the Advent Church, but the rain caused postponement.

The services will be held this evening at 7.30 o'clock, when the following program will be rendered:

Address of welcome, Marion Amazeen, Harry Parker Shugart, "Lift Your Voices, Happy Children," School Prayer.

Rev. C. O. Farnham Responsive Reading, School Dialog, "The Little Violets," Beatrice Pettigrew, Ruth Saenson, Inez Abbott, Malachi Abbott, Catherine Dow, Dorothy Akely, Essie Hutchins and Nannie Anderson.

Dialog, "The Messenger Boys," Nelson Fernald, Robert Hanscom, Edgar Pettigrew, Oscar Anderson and Leo Hutchins.

Recitation, "What Can Little Boys Do?" Ralph Cox Dialog, "The Light Bearers," Nellie Simpson, Jennie Akely, Emma Hutchins, Ruth Anderson, Marguerite Lydston and Edna Caswell.

Recitation, "What the Flowers Say," Ethel Farnham Song, "Beautiful Flowers,"

Oscar Anderson Dialog, "Children's Day Rainbow," Ruth Gray, Wenita Dow, Ina Waldron, Marion Amazeen, Francis Kimball, Ellie Muchmore, Nannie Anderson, Carolina Reynolds and Malachi Sanford.

Singing, "Blessed Children's Day," School Recitation, "Truly Ye Have Received," Robert Hanscom

Song, "Sing His Praises," Edna Caswell, Ina Waldron and Ruth Anderson.

Recitation, "Little Dreamers, Awake," Beatrice Pettigrew Dialog, "The Flower Committee,"

Ethel Anderson, Pearl Pettigrew, Motion Song, "Continual Dropping," Oscar and Nannie Anderson

Recitation, "How Things Seem to a Boy," Arlington Berry Song, "Sweet Woodland Hymns,"

Ethel Anderson, Pearl Pettigrew, and Adolph Anderson.

Remarks by the pastor.

Singing, "If Jesus Reigns Alone," School Distribution of plants to school.

Dismissal, pastor.

SPRINKLING PROBLEM

Rain Saves Residents And City Fathers Much Worry.

Saturday night brought the usual rain, though this time it was not accompanied by a thunder shower. On the previous two Saturday evenings also, the storm exhausted itself in the night, but last Saturday it set in to rain in good earnest and kept it up without intermission until evening, three and two-thirds inches of rain falling.

The streets were pretty well dried up when the rain came, and the dust was blowing to some extent all day Saturday. The rain of Saturday night and Sunday, however puts us in a position to disregard the street sprinkling problem for a few days longer.

That we have travelled in luck on this thing is hardly to be denied, and that it will be talked over at the city government meeting a week from next Wednesday is pretty certain.

\$60,000 TO MOTHER

Is Bequest Contained In The Will Of Bishop Delany

The will of Bishop John B. Delany filed in the probate court at Nashua on Saturday, bequeathed \$10,000 to St. Joseph's Boys' Orphanage in Manchester and the remainder of his estate, which consists of life insurance to his mother, Mrs. Catherine Delany of Lowell. It is understood the bishop carried \$70,000 life insurance.

The will is dated June 7, and the witnesses are the Rev. I. H. C. Davignon, pastor of St. George's Church, Miss Grace Delany, a sister of the bishop, and James A. Broderick, The Very Reverend E. M. O'Callahan of Concord, vicar-general of the diocese is named as executor.

COMES HERE FROM HAVERHILL

Barham and Bailey's circus comes to this city from Haverhill on Thursday, July 12, and goes from here to Rochester.

Yesterday was the first Sunday after Trinity.

AT YORK BEACH

Appalachian Mountain Club On A Three Days' Outing

The Appalachian Mountain Club arrived at York Beach on Saturday and registered at Young's Hotel for a three days' outing.

While there the club will make various trips about the country, among which will be a trip to Mount Agamenticus and Bald Head cliff.

On returning to Boston most of the members will make the journey by trolley.

TRUSTY ESCAPED

Left Dover Jail With But Few Days to Serve

Dover, June 18—Michael Cummings, who was serving a four months' sentence in the county jail for breaking and entering the residence of Charles W. Bradley at Rochester, Oct. 5, 1905, escaped on Sunday evening about six o'clock. Although there is a large number of sheriffs and deputies scouring the surrounding country in search of him, they have found no clew as to his whereabouts.

Cummings was a "trusty" and was doing the cooking in the jail kitchen. He took a wire and by putting it through a crack managed to push back a bolt which locked the slide, through which the food was passed to the prisoner.

After pushing the slide open he crawled through and passed directly through the guard room to the outside. Jailer George W. Barker and Turnkey John Blue were in Mr. Barker's house at the time and did not learn of the break until some time after their return to the building.

The man was traced to the Elliot bridge, but from there on no clew could be found as to which way he went. There are several trains going out of Dover on Sunday afternoon, among them being several freights and it is thought that perhaps he may have boarded one of them.

Cummings' time would have been out next Saturday if he had remained. He was a model prisoner.

UPTON SINCLAIR'S LATEST SCHEME

Upton Sinclair, whose novel, "The Jungle" has exerted greater influence than any work of fiction since "Uncle Tom's Cabin", outlines a plan in this week's Independent for a solution of the whole domestic problem and issues a call for recruits to start a new cooperative colony with that end in view. In the course of his article he says:

"There must be, in and near New York, thousands of men and women of liberal sympathies, who understand this situation clearly, and are handicapped by its miseries in their own lives—authors, artists and musicians, editors and teachers and professional men, who abhor boarding houses and apartment hotels and yet shrink from managing servants who have lonely and peevish children like my own, and are no fondle of eating poisons or of wasting their time and strength than I am. There must be a few who, like myself, have realized that it is a question of dragging through life an ever increasing burden of care, or making an intelligent effort and solving the problem once for all. To such I offer my cooperation. I am not a business man but circumstances have forced me to take up this problem, and I am not accustomed to failing in what I undertake.

I am perfectly and seriously in earnest, willing to give my time to it, for years, if need be. I hope to hear from one or two hundred people who are interested; but I am willing to undertake the enterprise with as few as twenty families. I wish to hear not merely from those who will invest as stockholders, but also from those who will rent or build homes, from men and women who are willing to contribute their labor, as waiters, cooks, nurses, teachers or managers; and from persons having business experience who would like to help me in working out this plan.

THE BIRTHDAY BOOK

Henry S. Paul, of Pleasant Street, one of Portsmouth's best known residents, passed another milestone in life's pilgrimage on Inquirer Hill day, June 17.

Mrs. Rachel Maria Fernald of Kittery, a "real daughter" of the revolution, today, quietly observes her ninety-fourth birthday at the residence of her two daughters, where she makes her home. She was born in Elliot and is the last survivor of twelve children. Her father had a notable war record. Mrs. Fernald's great grandmother was Sarah Pepperell, daughter of Andrew, who was a brother of Sir William Pepperell.

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MIDDLE STREET CHURCH NOTES

The Middle Street Baptist Sunday School will hold its picnic in Rand's Grove, Jenness Beach on Tuesday, June 26.

Owing to the heavy rain at noon, no session was held by the Middle Street Baptist Sunday School on Sunday.

Thirty-four were in attendance at the morning service Sunday.

Live Thermometers.

The chirp of crickets on a hot summer's night falls into a rhythmic beat, and this beat is a very accurate thermometer. In the latitude of Boston, according to Outing, the crickets chirp about 50 times a minute when the temperature is at 50 degrees. They add four chirps a minute for every degree above that. It is said that in other localities, while the number of chirps to the minute may not be the same as the Boston figure, there is a ratio of increase which is invariable.

Earth Not Yet Finished.

From Iceland to New Zealand and from Vesuvius and the Canaries to San Francisco, states the New York Tribune, the earth has recently been giving an exhibition which goes to show that it is not yet a dead world or even a finished world, notwithstanding the long time geologists affirm it has been getting ready as a completed abode for man. And not even the geologists dare to predict the date when such disturbances will cease.

Music in Australia.

Some idea of Young Australia's desire to shine in at least one song or one "piece" may be gathered from the fact, says the Sydney Bulletin, that 180 musical professors of either sex are giving lessons in the teaching rooms at Allan's, in the Melbourne block. The professors are mostly men who teach singing, the pupils being mostly girls; and these 180 names are to some extent a selected lot.

Aged Actress.

Frau Marguerite Wank, one of Hamburg's most popular actresses, celebrated recently the sixtieth anniversary of her appearance on the stage at the Covent Garden theater, London, playing the part of Aunt Grunstein in "Hamburger Leiden," and was nearly buried in flowers by the audience. She is 80 years old.

Names of Kings.

Denmark's kings for 351 years have all been named Christian or Frederick. It is the law of Denmark that Christian must be succeeded by Frederick and Frederick by Christian. To attain this, every Danish prince, no matter what other names he may receive, always has Christian and Frederick among them.

Serious Tangle.

"How about that Bogley divorce suit?" "That's what I was going to tell you. He sued for divorce on the ground of desertion, and she filed a cross bill, alleging cruelty. Now they want to call off both suits and make up, and their lawyers won't let 'em."—Chicago Tribune.

Devoted Missionary.

Few more enthusiastic and devoted missionaries are connected with the Presbyterian board than Rev. Dr. Hunter Corbett, who at 70 years of age intends to return to his work in China, although he has spent 43 years of his life laboring in that field, with headquarters at Che-Foo.

Popular Place.

Census returns have just been published for the town of Nice. These show what a populous place the Queen of the Riviera has become. On March 4 the total number of inhabitants was 149,448, and the total number of houses was 7,987. Among the residents was one centenarian.

Lady Sea-Anglers.

"There is a steady increase in the number of lady sea-anglers, and Great Yarmouth, Eng., has now a lady sea-anglers' club. Gentlemen are admitted to membership, but the committee consists entirely of women.

Dialect Expert.

It is said that William Dean Howells the author, has made such a careful study of the dialect and expressions of the various sections of the country that he can tell by their accent what city a person comes from.

Sultan's Working Day.

The sultan of Turkey is far from being an indolent sovereign. He has been described as the "imperial convict," a designation which is not in appropriate, for he works on an average 15 hours a day.

Rights of Servants.

If a servant in Germany falls ill, her mistress is not allowed to discharge her, but must pay her hospital expenses until she is perfectly well.

An Example.

"Papa, what is satire?" "Well, for example, when your mother asks me how much I've won at prayer-meeting?"—Life.

Compromise.

Stella—Did she tell her husband she would always remain widowed? Bella—No, but she promised not to stay married.—N. Y. Sun.

THE HUMAN BRAIN.

It Undergoes Wonderful Changes During Its Growth.

The wonderful changes which the human brain undergoes from the moment when it first appears in the embryo until it becomes the perfected laboratory of thought characteristic to the matured human being has been commented upon by several of the leading writers on biology, physiology, etc. During these successive changes, or, rather, transformations from the lower to the higher sphere, the human brain not only takes upon itself the general shape and form of the brains of various representatives of the lower classes of animals, but appears to have the same structural constituents, at least to a certain degree. Thus it has been found that the original germ of the brain as it appears in the human embryo has the exact outlines of a serpent's thought factory. After that the changes which take place while the brain is assuming the various shapes which it must undergo before it becomes perfect give it a decided resemblance to the brains of fishes, birds and mammiferous animals.

"Helm's 'Thoughts on the Structure of the Human Brain' and Wilson's 'Anatomy of the Human Body' both mention these queer transformations, as does also Hugh Miller in his famous work, 'Testimony of the Rocks.' Miller puts it in this way: 'It has long been known that the human brain is built up by a wonderful process, during which it assumes in succession the form of the brain of a serpent, a fish, a bird, and lastly, before it assumes the characteristic human form, it takes upon itself the outline of a mammiferous quadruped's brain.' Hence the remark made by scientific writers that 'man is the sum total of all animals.'"

POOR HANDWRITING.

One of the Causes That Downed Napoleon at Waterloo.

The nose of Cleopatra had a marked influence on the destinies of the ancient world. The handwriting of Napoleon I., we are assured by recent historians, had a similar effect upon the evolution of the modern world. He did not write; he scrawled. By reason of this, among other causes, he lost Waterloo. Grouchy could not read with exactness his decisive message. Was it "bataille engagee" (battle is on), or "bataille gagnes" (battle is won)?

Grouchy chose the latter significance and, not believing it necessary to press forward, arrived too late. So much for the curl of a letter, a pen stroke or an illegible scrawl to an "a."

This question was brought forward by the writing master of the elder Dumas.

"Remember, Alexandre," the master said to him, "the great defeat of the emperor was due only to his scrawling hand. If you wish to succeed in the world be careful of your heavy and your light strokes." So if Napoleon had known how to write legibly or if he had taken the trouble to do so his descendants would reign today in France and we should not have had the republic. It appears historically established today that Dumas' writing master was right. And on such slight things rests the fate of empires.—Cris de Paris.

The Osprey.

Allusion is often made, especially in fashion journals, to "osprey" feathers. Few words have been more loosely bandied about than this bird name. The Roman author Pliny's "ossifrage" (bone breaker) has been identified with the lammergeyer, a vulture that is reputed to break up bones too big for it to devour whole by dropping them from a height upon rocks. But both "ossifrage" and "osprey," a newer form, came to be applied to quite another bird, the fish hawk, which is now the true "osprey." Yet the "osprey" feathers—more properly egret feathers, or egrettes—do not come from this bird, but from the egret, or lesser white heron.

The Sea Otter.

The sea otter combines the habits of a seal with the intelligence and amusing character of the otter. When met in herds far out at sea, which is but seldom now, they are commonly seen swimming on their backs. They even eat their food lying in this position on the water and nurse their young ones on their chests between their paws, exactly as a south sea island mother swims with her baby in the water. When swimming in this attitude they even shade their eyes with their paws when the sun dazzles them.

One of His Inferiors.

"He says he always tries to be polite to his inferiors and—Lay, where are you going?" "Going to find him and give him a licking."

"What for?" "I met him this morning, and he was as polite as a dancing master."—Hous-ton Post.

The Other Way.

The teacher had been talking about a hen sitting on eggs, says English Country Life, and, with the incubator in mind, asked if eggs could be hatched in any other way.

"Yes, sir," said an experienced person of nine. "Put 'em under a duck."

The Remedy.

"You're not in love, Robbie. You only think you are." "Well, how the dickens am I to find out my mistake if I am mistaken?" "Oh, marry the woman by all means."—Hornic Notes.

A Distinction.

Mistress—Have you had any experience with children? Bridget—Nope, but they have had some widows.

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HORNS OF THE REVOLUTION

Charges Were Sounded on Quaint Instruments Made of Wood.

Whenever you see revolutionary soldiers dressed in regulation uniforms and blowing on brass horns you must admire the picture, but at the same time remember that no artists were in that fight. Artists make things very attractive, but not always true to life, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

There was not a uniform regiment in the army. The grand old fellows fought in hunting garb or the dress they wore on the farm, store, church or tavern. So with the horns or bugles. Those that sounded Johnson's charges in the war of 1812 and the death-knell of the great Indian chief Tecumseh, were the old wooden horn of Capt. Bob Collins.

This was made of two cedar staves three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness. These were trimmed and so bent that when the edges joined they formed a funnel-shaped instrument four inches in diameter at the large end and tapered down to a convenient size at the mouthpiece. The two cedar staves were held in place by hoops made of cow's horn.

Whether Capt. Bob had acquired the habit of blowing a wooden horn in the army, or whether he had once been a flatboatman (who used such horns altogether) is not known. It is, however, certain that the good man sounded reveille at sunrise until his death in 1864. The neighbors for miles around saw the sunrise unheralded after Capt. Bob was called home, and his quaint instrument was never used again. It has been preserved, though, by Mrs. Anne Mayhill, his granddaughter, who cherishes it in her home in Kentucky, where it is an honored relic.

APPRECIATED PERFORMANCE

Looked Like the Real Thing and the Company Had to Do It All Over.

The late Joseph Jefferson used to say that his career came very near being nipped in the bud in a small western town, relates Success Magazine. He at that time was a member of a small pioneer company which progressed by means of three "bull teams" from one mining camp to another. They were always heartily received by the miners and cowboys, who readily paid the five dollars in gold required to witness their performance. Mr. Jefferson was the traditional melodramatic villain, and in the third act was supposed to kidnap "the child." The supposed mother, hearing his cries, rushes upon the scene just as he is about to escape, and fires a fruitless shot from a revolver.

Upon this particular occasion all had gone well until this scene was reached, and the audience, many of whom had never before seen any kind of theatrical performance, sat as if spellbound. At the crack of the mother's revolver, however, the spell was rudely broken. "By heaven, she missed him!" a red-shirted miner in the front row shouted drawing his own "six-shooter" and leaping to his feet. "Round to the back door and head him off 'fore he can get a hoss, boys!" he yelled, and following him, half the audience stampeded for the exit.

The excitement was finally allayed by the "mother" and the villain's appearing hand in hand before the curtain, and the manager's explanation of the situation. When the performance had been concluded, the audience insisted on paying another admission price and having an immediate repetition from beginning to end.

RECESSION OF THE FALLS.

Rate at Which the Niagara Cataract Has Worn Its Way Backward.

The only reliable data that can form a basis for speculation as to the progress of Niagara Falls from Lake Ontario to the present site is found by comparing the two surveys that have been made of the falls, one in 1842 and the other in 1886, writes Archer Butler Hubert, in Four-Track News. The first of these was a trigonometrical survey made by Dr. John Hall, a member of the New York State geological survey. At the suggestion of Sir Charles Lyell, who visited the falls with him, monuments were erected at the points at which the angles were taken in order that some later surveyor would be able to find with accuracy the exact extent of the changes. The second survey was made in 1886 by R. S. Woodward, of the United States geological survey, now director of the Carnegie Institute at Washington. The result surprised the world.

Woodward's survey showed that the falls had moved 220 feet since 1842; the rate at the center had been, therefore, five feet per annum; Woodward proved that the tremendous area of five acres of rock had been precipitated from the face of the fall in the half century.

Logical.

Two Irishmen were digging a sewer. One of them was a big, strong man about six feet four inches in height and the other was a little, puny man about four feet six inches. The former came along to see how the work was progressing, and noticed that one of them was doing more work than the other.

"Look here," he cried, "how is it that little Dennis Dugan, who is only half your size, is doing nearly twice as much work as you, Patrick?"

Gleancing down at his partner, Patrick replied:

"And why shouldn't he; ain't he nearer to it?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE ROBIN AS A RUM

Question of Curious Subscribers Answered by the Obliging Editor.

"I saw a freak in birdology coming from my house to school and called the attention of two to it who were standing near the door. There were several robins about in the yard adjoining, and among them was one with a white head and neck. Will the penman of the Audubon society please take account for it?"

Pending Mr. Pearson's answer, says the Charlotte News and we would suggest that a robin, since he can use one word at a time, should go to the school with a funny thing about a robin's head, but they are dependent on a degree. Perhaps the robin ran because he was white-headed. Now, why he is white-headed is another question. The principle of the albion characteristics of heads that once were black and now are white has never been solved except by those concerns which advertise to make white heads black—and they won't tell.

But if this robin has learned how to run, he is the oldest in the flock certainly. We put it down to old age at a hazard.

LAUGHTER AND DIGESTION.

It Has Been Shown That Mirthfulness Stimulates Gastric Secretion.

Nothing will take the place of good cheer and laughter at meals or any other time in the home. There is a vital connection between amiability and digestion—between good cheer and assimilation, writes Orison Sweet Marden, in Success Magazine. Laughter is the best friend the liver has, and depression, or melancholia, its worst enemy. Numerous experiments have shown that mirth and cheerfulness stimulate the secretion of the gastric juices, and are powerful aids to digestion. Yet, knowing this, many of us sit as gloomy and absorbed at the table as at a funeral. In many homes, scarcely a word is spoken at meals, outside of requests for an article of food.

The meal hour ought to mean something besides supplying a mere animal function. The bell which calls the family to the table ought to be the signal for a good time generally, when all cares should be thrown off and everybody appear at his best. It ought to signalize the time for mirth and laughter. It ought to be looked forward to by the members of the family as the recess or nooning is looked forward to by pupils in school, as a let-up from the strenuous life.

SOMETHING ABOUT ECLIPSES

Not the Same in Manifestation as They Were in Former Days.

Eclipses are not what they used to be. The eclipse, with its accompanying phenomena, was observed a generation ago as the manifestation of certain effects of heat and light, but far more complex is the vision of the investigator of to-day. Prof. T. T. Thomson and the Cavendish school have placed the electro-magnetic theories of matter and of radiation on the firmest of bases. We now think of a body which, like the sun, radiates energy, as sending out not heat and light but corpuscles, electrons of almost popular notoriety, positive and negative ions, and rays and emanations of such varied types and complexities that elucidation and definition still await them.

Then, too, M. Lebedet and Messrs. Nichols and Hall have confirmed the theory of the pressure exerted by light. Consequently we cannot now look at the corona as a simple glow.—It must be viewed as the complex expressions of light exerted on particles within its ethereal territory, of the action and interaction of pulsating carriers of composite electricity and matter.

Imported Irish Sods.

On the very rare occasions that snakes have been found in Ireland explanation of the phenomena has always been forthcoming. One was brought in a bundle of shrubs, another in a packing case, and yet another—this time a dead one—was introduced by an English visitor. All have proved of alien extraction. Even science cannot disprove the Irish belief in St. Patrick as a Pied Piper. Here is an incident illustrative of this belief: A son of Erin emigrated to Australia, and quickly made a fortune. He was happy except for one trial—snakes. "Oh, for an Australian St. Patrick!" he moaned. And then came an inspiration—he wired for a load of the soil of old Ireland. Only when he had strewn the precious mold about his dwelling could he sleep in peace.—London Tribune.

Where Londoners Were Born.

Light is thrown upon the subject of ancestral Londoners in the latest volume of the report of the London traffic commission. From one of these we learn that of the 4,500,000 people in the administrative county of London only 3,000,000 were born in it. But that is probably a larger proportion than most people were aware of.

Good Sign.

"I guess I must be getting old and ugly," sighed the pretty girl at the flower stand.

"What's the matter?" asked the public stenographer.

"Nowadays all the men count their change."—Cleveland Leader.

STRENGTH OF OPEN SKY.

Great Things of Earth Are Concealed in the Free Out-of-Doors.

What great deed was ever done indoors? What great thing of the earth, art, in science, in romance was ever conceived and brought forth within walls? Pathos grows there, and small comedy, and bitterness and pessimism; but not great tragedy, nor the vast and useful pessimism which uplifts human nature and humanity, writes Emerson in the Reader. The joyous, hopeful, optimistic things, the large and cheerful motives, are found beneath the sky. The Indians say that the babe born in the wind will be chief, and that might well be so. What strong blood ever grew indoors? What great drama of the ages was ever played there? What duel on the stair ever equaled the battle under the trees? Science may delve, lamp wise; but what great things even of science came wholly from within walls? Electricity, navigation by the stars—the things which have really conquered the world—did these appear to man as he studied at some table side? No, the great and sweet things of knowledge came from the naked stars. Gully and troublous wisdom may have housing, concealment, and so make confession that it is evil; but before guilty Eden knowledge was out of doors.

ENGLISH AS A CLASSIC.

Study of the Language Is Now Prevalent in American Colleges.

A generation ago the education of a college man confined itself almost entirely to a study of Latin, Greek, philosophy and metaphysics, while now the study of history, economics and other subjects of practical bearing predominates, says President Schurman, as reported in the Cornell Sun. Interest in the classical languages has now largely abated, even with persons who make a study of them. The student was formerly supposed to get his training from Greek and Latin; English he studied incidentally. Now the study of English is predominant in the American colleges. This should not be considered, however, as a disparagement of the progress of American culture; it should be remembered that the Greeks themselves wrought out their wonderful culture, literature and art entirely without the aid of a foreign language. The schoolboys of Greece were required to commit to memory the best poems of the language—notably the poems of Homer—which shaped their thoughts, conversation and acts, and finally their character.

POSTAGE STAMP TONGUE.

Disorder Resulting from the Unclean Habit of Licking the Stamps.

"A number of ailments, some of them extremely dangerous, are comprised under the general head of postage-stamp tongue," said a physician. "Postage-stamp tongue, in a word, is a disorder contracted from the licking of postage stamps.

"Three or four persons a week visit me with postage-stamp tongues. They have a throat trouble, or a skin disease, or a pulmonary complaint, brought on by the reckless habit of stamp licking.

"A stamp should never be licked, as its gummy surface is always squirming and pulsating with germs. If any licking is to be done, let it be applied to the right-hand corner of the envelope, where the stamp goes, for there the germs are apt to be sparser.

"To be safe, though, the tongue should never be applied to either envelope or stamp. A damp sponge should be used in the tongue's stead."

Billion of Nickels.

More than one billion passengers were carried on the surface, elevated and subway roads of Greater New York last year. The exact number of paid fares was 1,171,151,598, an increase of 93,493,451. Of these fewer than a quarter were transferred. The increase in transfers fell far below the increase in paid fares, which is somewhat accounted for by the increased evasion of the free-transfer law by the transportation companies. On the basis of total car mileage there were six passengers paying a five-cent fare for every mile that a car traveled. Increase in car mileage about kept pace with the increase in passengers, showing that the cars are now crowded to the limit of traffic.—N. Y. World.

France's Young Cabinet.

Though not perhaps quite so young as the cabinet of Mr. Balfour in England, which was, in this respect, a striking departure from tradition, the new ministry formed in France by M. Sarrien cannot be considered old. The premier, M. Sarrien, is himself its "patriarch," and he is only 66. M. Clemenceau comes next in order with 65, and he is followed by M. Etienne, the war minister, who is 62. Then comes the men in their fifties, M. Thomson and M. Bourgeois. None of the rest are yet out of their forties. Of these M. Ruau is the youngest. He is only 41.

Surf Birds Travel Far.

That birds of the family termed surf birds in the Hawaiian Islands should leave that paradise of the Pacific to go and rear their young in the tundras of Alaska would seem to many an extraordinary proceeding. Yet the turnstone and the black-bellied plover and the Pacific golden plover make the long journey of about 4,000 miles thither annually.

DANGEROUS SHOW ANIMALS

Most Fickle and Dangerous Among Them Is the Intelligent Elephant.

The terrible attack upon a woman recently made by a lion in a London music hall recalls the fact that a still more dangerous show animal is the elephant. A bull elephant is one of the most fickle creatures known. He is good-natured and submissive one moment, and the next his keeper is simply a mass of pulp!

"An elephant," said an expert keeper, "is twice as dangerous as a lion, a tiger or a bear. Those animals have to be watched very carefully when one is with them in their cages, but the tension of watching lasts only a few minutes at a time. An elephant, on the other hand, is allowed more freedom, and as one cannot be on the alert all day long, he gets his chance when he wants it. He often fiercely resents even a mild joke.

"We elephant keepers grow fantastic after a few years of the work. We expect to be seized and trampled to death some day, but live in hopes that it may not be soon. The great danger is when an elephant is just turning into a rogue. All elephants turn rogues sooner or later, and they never recover. The female elephants turn rogues earlier, and are more violent than the males, and the females are more dangerous in ordinary times, too.

"A good elephant trained can command a big salary. I know one who has been receiving \$125 a week for 11 years. Mere keepers, however, are poorly paid."

DIDN'T FIGHT WITH THEM.

Yanks Didn't Use Poppuns, So the Johnnies Didn't Whip Them.

Representative W. Bourke Cockran was delivering an impassioned speech against the policy of increasing the navy, relates Success Magazine, when he declared with vigorous gesture that the people of Greater New York have no fear of being destroyed by a foreign foe. "The American spirit and courage in New York is so great, Mr. Speaker, that our people would repel a foreign foe with the cobblestones from the streets before they would surrender," finished Mr. Cockran.

Jorn Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, who was sitting near, remarked to those around him:

"That reminds me of an old blow-hard we had down our way. When war was declared he told his neighbors at the corner store that we could whip the Yankees with popguns. When the war was over, that same old fellow, who did so much bragging, was trying to explain the terrible result. Some one spoke up and remarked: 'I thought you said before the war that we could whip the Yankees with popguns.'

"I know I did," replied the old fellow, with ready wit, "but the Yanks didn't fight us with popguns."

IS A CANADIAN PARADISE.

Beauties of "The Lake of Deep Waters" with Its Myriad Islands.

Temagami is shaped like an octopus, with long stretched-out arms, and its shores are indented with deep circling bays, island strewn and culminating in sharp points and curves that add to the beauty of this magical scene. "The lake of deep waters" is the meaning of the Indian word, and they lie deep and cool in their bed of granite; in stillness a perfect mirror, in storm darkly menacing, with foam-edged waves showing fang-like teeth, writes Kate Westlake Yeigh, in Four-Track News.

Being 100 square miles in area, Temagami forms one of Canada's great natural reservoirs. Mighty rivers from the height of land to the north flow into it, and it in turn feeds the streams that flow southward, carrying their life-giving waters through the forests to the people lands below. There are 1,400 islands in the lake, and the government has included the whole area in a magnificent forest reserve of a million and a half acres.

Old-Fashioned Morals Needed.

A number of people are proposing Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton university, for the Democratic nomination for president of the United States in 1908. Dr. Wilson has already written his platform. It consists of one sentence, and yet covers nearly the whole field. It was contained in a recent address delivered by the Princeton president. It proposes as a solution for our economic problems the application "of old-fashioned morals to new-fashioned business." That's the whole thing in a nutshell.—Wall Street Journal.

Sailors Becoming Too Delicate.

The rising generation looks with horror upon the "roughing it" process at sea, which, a quarter of a century ago, was regarded by most boys as an absolute attraction. The twentieth century boy must have his comforts. What will the skipper of 12 or 15 years hence be like? We have a vision of a neurotic, delicate, gruel and muller individual, who will be able to navigate his ship well enough in fair weather, but who, in times of stress, will require the assistance of a trained nurse.—Syren and Shipping.

Pre-Natal Influence.

"I wonder why those children have such awfully long faces?" said the visitor at the school.

"They were all born in flats," explained the teacher, "and knew they weren't wanted."—Detroit Free Press.

WHY HE COULDN'T SIT DOWN

Physical Impossibility with His Nether Limbs Clothed as They Were.

"I beg your pardon, but I'm in trouble," said a man who was well dressed and plainly excited to Sergeant. "I came in on an early train from the west, and as I got up late, when the train was but a few minutes from the Union depot, I dressed in all haste. I had some business to attend to in Armourdale right away, and I paid my street car fare from some change I had in my overcoat pocket. But when I was standing at the corner of Fifth and Kansas a moment ago, for the first time I unbuckled my overcoat and looked inside, and found—"

"That you had been robbed while on the train?" broke in the sergeant, interestedly.

"No," said the man, "I found that I had put my trousers on backward, and I can't sit down. What I want is a private place to change 'em."

He got it.

SWEDISH SPIES IN NORWAY

Sent for the Purpose of Reporting on Work in Military Quarters.

A spy, who is reported by the authorities to be a Swede, had been detected in Fredrikshald, where he was particularly interested in Fredriksten and Hjelmskollen. At the latter place he was seen by a guard, who recognized him as a man who had been hanging around the fortifications at Kongsvinger last winter. When he was discovered he made his way to Swedish territory.

The guard was instructed to keep watch of the man. Late at night he appeared again in Norwegian territory and was met by the guard. When they separated the guard took the footpath to Hjelmskollen and was not surprised to meet the spy again. The latter then disappeared.

The Swedes allege that Norway is preparing to erect a number of fortifications along Glommen, outside of the neutral zone established by the Karlstad treaty, and to replace the fortified points which were dismantled in accordance with the treaty. The Swedes declared that these plans show a distrust of Sweden and are uncalled for when no preparations of a similar nature are being made on the Swedish side of the border.

WOULDN'T ROB THE BISHOP

Pacific Coast Bandit Returned Valuables Taken from the Cleric.

"Not a great while ago there was as bold a bandit as ever bade men stand and deliver operating between Fairbanks and the mines tributary to that town," B. B. McGinn of Alaska, according to the Washington Post.

"This modern Dick Turpin, one Hendrickson by name, kept up his robberies for months and made many a good haul. He was a courteous brigand and not altogether mercenary.

"On one occasion Bishop Rowe of Alaska was confronted by Hendrickson and relieved of all his valuables. As the good man was about to depart the robber, noticing his garb, asked him if he were not a minister of the Gospel. 'Yes,' said the victim, 'I am Bishop Rowe.' 'Well, then,' replied Hendrickson, 'I can't think of despoiling you. I used to be a member of your church, and however bad I may be, I can't rob you.' With that he returned to the bishop all his property.

"A little while later Hendrickson was captured by the United States authorities, and is now in jail at Fairbanks."

Alarm Clock for Drinkers.

A pretty little device of the wicked which is attracting a good deal of attention in restaurants, cabarets, posadas, cafes and hospices these days is called the "jag indicator." It was invented for the benefit of good fellows who do not know when they have had enough to drink. It is a green frog, with pink specks upon its body, and is about three-quarters of an inch long. The customer receives one from the barman, which he is asked to put in his pocket and to place upon the bar before each subsequent drink. After a drink Mr. Crapaud is returned to the pocket. As soon as the customer sees upon the bar more than one frog, he is expected—nay, required—to quit drinking for the day.—N. Y. Press.

The Bodleian Library.

The Bodleian library, which was established in 1445, takes its name from Sir Thomas Bodley, who reestablished the library in 1597-1602, and presented it to the University of Oxford. It contains more than 500,000 printed volumes, 30,000 volumes of manuscripts, a great many first editions and early printings, and collections of coins and pictures.

"Blind Tiger" in a Church.

The Methodist pastor in the "dry" town of Waverly, Tenn., assisted the police to locate a "blind tiger" and was surprised to find that the illegal gin mill was in the church basement and conducted by two of the apparently most devout members of his congregation, a doctor and a justice of the peace.

OCEAN LIFE HAS CHANGED.

But the Old Romance of the Sea Has Not Entirely Passed Away.

While I slowly ate my dinner in the magnificent saloon of the great liner America and looked about at the jolly little parties of two and four and six, at the daintily clad women and the severely clad men and at the freshly cut flowers and the sparkling cut glass, and while I listened to the low-pitched laughter and talk and to the music of the gay little red-coated orchestra—it seemed very much as if I had straddled over from Piccadilly circus to Pall Mall of a cold, foggy evening and had turned in at the Carlton hotel. I grew sober as I thought of it, relates a writer in Success Magazine.

We did these things very differently a little while back. Even a very little while back—as the history of human-kind runs—life at sea meant more, for it seemed to bring a man nearer to his God than we of to-day very often get. "Is this true," I asked myself, "that they have destroyed the charm of the sea? Is the fine old salty romance dead and buried?"

Standing that night looking out over the waves toward a handful of low-lying stars, I knew that the romance of the sea is an undying thing. What we have lost is no more than our old notion of it. The Spanish galleon has gone out with the rapier and the dagger. We no longer, the boys among us, haunt the wharves for glimpses of Spanish sailors with bearded lips.

The six-shooter is not what it was and the tall clipper ship has followed the stage coach into the junkyard of the things that were. But the new romance runs deeper. It is more complex. It is the wonderful story of the awakening, the rousing and the stirring to action of a drowsy old world which has only begun to find itself and to feel its magnificent strength.

BEST RESULTS FROM COAL.

Most Power Obtained from Poorest Qualities When Converted Into Gas.

If some one were to discover that ordinary dirt was fuel which, burned under certain simple conditions, yielded as good or better results than the best Pennsylvania anthracite it is easy to imagine the popular sensation that would be caused. Yet results almost if not quite as sensational obtained by the United States geological coal testing plant have passed almost unnoticed by the general public, says the Technical World.

The experiments at this plant have demonstrated that bituminous coal, heretofore considered less than half as valuable as anthracite, will when manufactured into gas and burned in a gas engine produce as much net horse power to the ton of fuel as the best anthracite; and, still better, that lignite, which is so common all through the west and has been considered almost worthless, will actually yield more horse power to the ton than the best anthracite burned under a steam boiler.

It has shown that all grades of coal, from the best to the most worthless, as judged by former standards, can be the most worthless as judged by former standards, can be utilized in this manner, their value for producing gas being, generally speaking, exactly inverse to their value in directly producing steam in a boiler. That is to say, the poorer the coal for direct steam-producing purposes (by which power coal has been valued in the past) the more valuable it seems to be for yielding gas for use in the gas engine.

"STARS IN THE OCEAN."

Phosphorescent Animals of Southern Waters That Are Still Mysterious.

"Like stars in the ocean," Humboldt described the radiant beauties of the remarkable phosphorescent animals. So brilliant was their light that he could distinguish fishes by their radiance. For some reason the Pacific coast, particularly California, Charles Frederick Holder avers, has always been famous for its displays of phosphorescence, that strange phenomenon over which many men have spent years of study, and which to a large extent is still mysterious and unexplainable. Because of the peculiarities of the coast, the islands of southern California—from the Coronades to the Santa Catalina group of four, opposite Los Angeles county, to the Santa Barbara group of four in the channel of that name—are the points most available for observation. These islands rise out of the blue depths of the ocean and are washed by offshore currents and afford a remarkable field for the zoologist. It can be said that there is hardly an animal—or its prototype—obtainable from the Naples aquarium that cannot be found along these shores. The observer is particularly impressed with the richness of the invertebrates, ranging from giant jelly fish 20 feet long to the graceful physalis, and, during the late winter months, the delicate paper nautilus, which is sometimes found and has been kept alive and watched.

Flowers Carpet Lake.

The phenomenon known as "sea-buthie" (sea blooming) has been observed several times on Lake Brienz, Switzerland, recently. Pollen blown from millions of flowers that carpet the fields around the lake and from the blossoms on fruit trees makes a luminous haze in the air. When the breeze dies out the pollen settles in a yellow veil on the water.

THE TIDY TADPOLE.

How This Cheerful Little Amphibian Eats and Develops.

A wonderful spirit of tidiness seems to pervade the tadpole world. They always eat whatever has become useless—their own eggs, their superfluous companions. Even those who are only weakly are cleared out of the way and the victors take it all as a matter of course. I have disturbed a strong member of the community just as he had begun to dine off the tail of a weaker brother, but the sufferer has not troubled to escape—he simply waited till the fratricide returned to complete his deadly work.

For some time there is no great change in the tadpoles. They simply grow and become so far transparent that their internal mechanism, which consists of one coil of intestines, is plainly visible. When, however, they are about three months old a careful observer can distinguish a tiny foot on either side of the base of the tail. These grow slowly, but seem unable to move independently until shortly before the border land is passed which leads to perfect froghood. The hind legs have reached their full size before the front ones appear, and while the feet grow slowly, the hands are ready made and can be used at once. For a day or two they can be seen under the skin before they venture forth, and their possessor is very restless and excited. He rushes madly about, jostling his comrades, and no doubt being voted a bore; then a more vigorous effort breaks the skin and the tiny hand and arm appear.

There seems some rule about the order of precedence here, as there is when the whiskers go, for last year my tadpoles, almost without exception, had their right hands some hours before the left, while on previous occasions I have had an entirely left handed crew.—Chambers' Journal.

MUSIC AT SEA.

Conditions Under Which Ships' Sails Sometimes Sing.

Some curious facts have been noted with regard to the sound conducting qualities of ships' sails. When rendered concave by a gentle breeze, the widespread sails of a ship are said to be excellent conductors of sound.

A ship was once sailing along the coast of Brazil, far out of sight of land. Suddenly several of the crew, while walking along the deck, noticed that when passing and repassing a particular spot they always heard with great distinctness the sound of bells chiming sweet music, as though being rung but at short distance away.

Diminished by this phenomenon, they quickly communicated the discovery to their shipmates, but none of them was able to solve the enigma as to the origin of these seemingly mysterious sounds which came to them across the water.

Months afterward, upon returning to Brazil, the crew determined to satisfy their curiosity. Accordingly they mentioned the circumstances to the friends and were informed that at the time when the sounds were heard the bells in the cathedral of San Salvador on the coast, had been ringing to celebrate a feast held in honor of one of the saints.

Their sound, wonderful to relate, favored by a gentle, steady breeze, had traveled a distance of upward of 100 miles over the smooth water and had been brought to a focus by the sails at the particular locality in which the sweet sounds were first heard.

This is but one of several instances of a similar kind, trustworthy authorities claiming that this same music is often heard under somewhat the same circumstances and especially in a moist laden atmosphere.—London Tit-Bits.

English Regard For Teaching.

If there is one occupation which Englishmen are unanimous in condemning as degraded and degrading it is that most fascinating, most difficult, delicate and important work, the training of the mind. In what are humorously called "the higher walks" of teaching there are respectable salaries to be earned and agreeable rooms or houses for occupation. Here, purged of the dross of utility, a man may once more take rank as a gentleman, and if he becomes head of a house the supreme uselessness of his position commands universal and silent respect.—Nineteenth Century.

Gentian Root.

Gentian root, often used as a tonic, is considered in many malarial countries a remedy against intermittent fever. Especially is this the case in Corsica, in that section of the island near the town of Aleria, which is infested with malaria. The inhabitants recently protested violently against the introduction of quinine on the part of the medical authorities, declaring that they would not abandon the remedy which had been used among them for centuries, the gentian root, either powdered or simply masticated.

Quite the Contrary.

"After all, my friend," began the solemn stranger, "life is but a dream, a—"

"Not much, it ain't," snorted the hard headed man. "In nearly every dream I ever had I was gettin' more money than I knowed what to do with."—Philadelphia Press.

Frenchmen and Spanish.

Established Sept. 23, 1884.

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MONDAY, JUNE 18, 1906.

NEW YORK SKY SCRAPERS

A few weeks ago the New York Times contained a picture of the thirty-two story City Investment building now in process of erection on Broadway and Cortlandt streets. A forecast was also given of other building operations at the lower end of Manhattan Island, which cannot fail to lend an added impressiveness to the picture presented by the city from the water front.

On or before the first day of January, 1909, says the forecast, fifteen such structures will have been completed. They will contain more than two and a half million square feet of rentable office space. Two will be at least twenty stories high, two will have twenty-three stories, and the others will be monsters of twenty-four or more. It is everywhere conceded that the demand for offices in New York City is so great that all vast room will be let without difficulty within a very short time after its occupancy is possible.

The Manchester Mirror, dealing with the question "Will it pay?" comments as follows: "Certainly big returns will be required on an investment that is estimated at forty millions, but there are other interesting phases of the subject. The problems presented by a congestion of business will become more and more pressing and important, and call for the exercise of much ingenuity in the handling of the crowds of cliff dwellers. As regards the appearance of the city, there will probably be an additional impressiveness as it is viewed from the sea, but one would have to be built with head drawn backwards at right angles to the body to take in such towering masses from the street."

We believe there is no good and sufficient reason why the erection of such buildings should not be prohibited by law. The country is big enough for the cities to spread out and, just as the congestion of a city always works for evil, so its expansion always works for good. The day is close at hand when the building of skyscrapers will be prohibited in every city in the land, where the municipal body acts for the city's good.

CONCERNING ADULTERATIONS

It is gratifying to know that our own Chicago is not the worst ever. A consular report shows that even worse conditions exist in Germany than in this country. The trouble is that we are too honest, while the European nations, speaking in more or less strange tongues, are full of duplicity and guile. According to the official report, sausages are being compounded in one German factory after the following recipe:

"Spoiled hams, decayed sides of pork, sausage covers that had been used before, intestines of cattle, scraps of dog meat and animal refuse taken from garbage barrels." The sausage maker was prosecuted, convicted and fined, and ought to have been imprisoned. In all probability the she administered amounted to but a small fraction of the profits derived from his almost unbelievable business.

Of this case the Portland Advertiser says:

"The incident goes to show that Germany, with all her stringent rules against food sophistication and constant official supervision of food products, is occasionally caught napping. But the most suggestive feature of the trial was the defense set up by the accused. He admitted that the unsavory things mentioned were put into the sausages, but pleaded that they were the regular ingredients of sausages and that all German makers used them. In fact, according to his experience, sausages would not be sausages without the snappy flavor given them by the sour hams and selected scraps. If that is the German idea of what sausages should be, no one outside that country should object to their method of preparation. But in the United States it is different. Americans, no doubt, have been forced to eat a good deal of diseased meat, but it cannot be truly said that they hanker for it."

Perhaps, however, Germany enforces its laws against food adulterations as it does its laws against adulterating beer and other spirituous liquors, i. e., at home only. The laws against these adulterations apply only to products to be sold in the home markets, and not to those intended for export. This is a dirty way of doing business, but it is characteristic of the nation. The American will find that the products of his own nation, even if they come from Chicago, are better than those shipped here from abroad.

OUR EXCHANGES

A Lover Of The Wild

Are you a lover? Come!—
 A lover of wild things!—
 The bee's low, haunting hum
 The skyward whirring of wings;
 Murmurs of reed and rush
 To the rill adventuring by;
 Out of the underbrush
 The cuckoo's shifting cry;

Bruised sassafras scent;
 The sweet-flag's tonic taste;
 The wind's cool instrument
 Wholly assailed of haste!

I would take your hand
 And lead you into the wild;
 There we should understand,
 Each like a little child.

And the loving mother-earth,
 Wise to the depths of her loam,
 She should cry out with mirth,
 "Here are my babes come home!"
 —Clinton Scollard in Smart Set.

The Wave Of Reform

Undoubtedly it is true that much good has been accomplished by the recent investigations into irregularities of various kinds in the business world. Undoubtedly also reforms have been suggested and started which will do away with many practices that are, to say the least, unmoral.

Albert J. Beveridge, member of the senate of the United States, and a staunch and enthusiastic defender of the moral law, believes that this is a period in which the "moral regeneration of American business" is being accomplished, and is being accomplished quite wholly and exclusively through the efforts of the national administration.

The late Speaker Reed of the house of representatives was willing to admit that President Roosevelt was the discoverer of the Ten Commandments, but he probably would not have gone so far as Senator Beveridge in expressing the view that the national government is the sole reliance of the American people in the matter of the "moral regeneration of American business."

The fact is, that a number of individual states, notable among them being Massachusetts, long since established orderly and ethical procedure for business enterprises and combinations, and that under this procedure "American business" has not stood in conspicuous need of "moral regeneration."—Boston Globe.

Hats Off To The Navy

Again and again naval officers have called attention to the fact that there is no memorial of any character in the Vicksburg National Military park to mark the services rendered by the naval forces in the important engagement which caused the park to be established. State legislatures have appropriated liberally for the erection of monuments and memorials to the volunteer soldiers, but as the naval forces belonged to a national organization, congress is the only authority which can take any action toward erecting monuments to show the part the marines and sailors took in the capture of Vicksburg. Gen. Grant wrote that without the navy Vicksburg could not have been taken with twice the number of men engaged. Volunteer forces from fourteen northern states were in the fight, and every southern state was represented.

Kentucky and Missouri furnishing troops on both sides. It is understood that congress will be urged at an early date to make an appropriation for a memorial to the navy.—Concord Monitor.

Be Sure It's Not Indiscriminate, Brother

The Manufacturers' Record says that "but for the scarcity of labor which has prevailed for the last year or two, it is quite probable that at least 1,000,000 more spindles would have been added to the total in the south." The south's material progress is being seriously handicapped by insufficient labor. The time has come to take energetic steps to remedy this costly disadvantage, and the sole remedy seems to lie in immigration.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Kentucky "Home Coming"

It is appalling to think of the thousands and thousands of gallons of Blue Grass hospitality which flow in old Kentucky this week as a feature of this "Home Coming" celebration. The occasion reminds one of the Kentuckian's conception of an ideal breakfast, "a three-pound steak, a bottle of whiskey and a setter dog." The purpose of the dog, as will be recalled, was to eat the steak.—Kennebec Journal.

SCOTTISH RITE OFFICERS

Of the Grand Council of Deliberation of New Hampshire

At the triennial meeting in Nashua of the Grand Council of Deliberation of New Hampshire of the Scottish Rite Masons the following officers were elected:

Commander in Chief, George W. Currier, Nashua;
 First Lieutenant Commander, J. Frank Webster, Concord;
 Second Lieutenant Commander, Charles C. Hayes, Manchester;
 Minister of State and Grand Orator, Henry B. Quimby, Lakeport;
 Grand Prior, Rev. Howard F. Hill, Concord;
 Grand Chancellor, George P. Kimball, Nashua;
 Grand Treasurer, Joshua W. Hunt, Nashua;
 Grand Secretary, Ralph A. Arnold, Nashua;
 Grand Standard Bearer, Nathan P. Hunt, Manchester;
 Grand Captain of the Guard, Charles H. Webster, Nashua;
 Grand Sentinel, Wilder M. Gates, Nashua;
 Grand Engineer and Architect, Charles N. Towle, Concord.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

While the stock exchanges are far from being the busiest places in the world at present, and while there are not wanting passing influences of uncertainty impart, such as the efforts of the "crop-killers" and the lingering developments of politics and corporate investigations, the market on the whole maintains all of the inherent strength and confidence that have right along been its distinguished characteristics. It is a market that, like Banquo's ghost, "will not down," at least for any save extraordinary impulses. Left to itself, without particular support, it tends to creep steadily upward.

At the moment, it is the farmer who is to the fore, and the progress of the crops is the all-important topic. The government June report on wheat was decidedly reassuring, in that it indicated a crop of that important cereal above the average. As for corn, it is too early in the day for any guessing, and alarmist reports on that score may be quite disregarded, reliance being put only in the assurance of railroad and other authorities that the crop has had a good start. The market needs good crops this year; and it seems likely to get them.

All is fair sailing today in the money market, the other great source of possible apprehension. Relatively easy money promises to prevail over the summer, with little or no fear of real stringency in the autumn. Nothing like the contretemps that money brought about in the fall of 1902 need be feared this year.

General prosperity holds unabated in the country at large and forms the foundation of the strength of the stock market. It is too evident on every side to need more than mere mention. What is perhaps more immediately significant is the technical position of the market, where a large sleeping short interest is yet to face its reckoning, where the great market interests are committed to the long side, where there is no liquidation and an entire absence of weakly-held or over-extended accounts. It is a gigantic task for the bears to make headway under these conditions.—From Corey, Milliken and Company's weekly letter.

Green peas are selling at fifty cents a peck.

VIEWS OF AN OUTSIDER

On The Financial Condition Of Portsmouth

MANCHESTER MIRROR DISCUSSES THIS CITY'S AFFAIRS

The subjoined editorial from the Manchester Mirror is one that Portsmouth people should read:

"The tax rate in Portsmouth this year is certain to be at least \$2.80 upon a valuation claimed by some to be more than the property will sell for, and if the Morley Button Company and the Rockingham County Light and Power Company, which have appealed from the assessment, succeed in their contention for a reduction before the court it will be more. But for the \$50,000 received from the license commission, from fees, and the state treasurer, from corporation taxes, the rate would be \$3.60, which, if continued permanently, would be confiscation. No city can pay 3.60 per cent on the value of its property in taxes and live, and 2.80 is beyond endurance."

"This condition follows a period of alleged retrenchment and reform. Driven to action by the constantly swelling expense and debt, a large number of the leading citizens and taxpayers went to the Legislature of 1905 and procured a new city charter which they hoped would make possible some changes that were imperatively demanded. How it has worked we do not know, but we see no evidence in the local papers that it has bettered things much. Some petty and at this distance rather ridiculous economies have been effected; some of the fire engine horses and the road roller have been sold; one or two schools have been closed and the salaries of the teachers in the others reduced, some paving that is needed has also been postponed indefinitely; but the old tax rate remains and yields deficits instead of surpluses. There have been no great emergency expenses, no heavy losses of city property by fire or flood, and no expensive public improvements except a schoolhouse paid for by the issue of bonds."

"The explanation is, in one word, misgovernment, and if this isn't traceable to navy yard gangrene we do not diagnose the case correctly. We have always felt that the Kittery yard was a sore on the side of our beautiful seaport; that notwithstanding the large amount of money it has poured into the town its influence has been bad—demoralizing and weakening. Any community that is educated to feel and act that it is dependent upon government appropriations, that when they are secured it can be prosperous and when they are not it must be prostrate; that it is composed largely of men who refuse other occupations in the hope of getting work 'on the yard', who loaf until they do get it and when they get it do as little as possible for their pay; of women who are accustomed to center their hopes, expectations

and wishes in the ships that are built and repaired at intervals in the government works, and of children brought up to regard a naval officer's uniform as the insignia of all that is admirable and desirable in this world, can hardly fail to lose its civic virtue and virility and hand over its local government to place hunters and grafters, big or little. In such a city private enterprise and industry stand little chance, and their representatives, including capitalists and wage workers who pay taxes, are seldom found in the city councils."

"That Portsmouth, an old, rich, well-located city, would have been brought to face a tax rate of \$2.80 or \$3.60 if it had not lain in the shade of the navy yard we do not believe."

Brother Putney is right in blaming grafters for Portsmouth's present plight. We certainly cannot agree with him in his views regarding the navy yard. During the past ten years, the permanent force employed at the yard has been increased from 400 to 1200. Within a few years, it is likely to be still further increased to at least 2000. Certainly, Portsmouth derives benefit from the existence at its very doors of so extensive an industrial establishment."

The charge that navy yard workmen do not give the government full value should receive the attention of every man employed at the local naval station. Mr. Putney's idea of navy yards and navy yard workmen might have been the correct one ten years ago; today it is hardly applicable. Conditions in this respect have changed."

One thing that has held Portsmouth back is the jealousy of cliques and factions. The disposition to jump upon every person who shows the slightest intention of leading a movement to bring about a better order of things has worked untold injury.

There is not the slightest doubt that the city has paid exorbitant prices for articles supposed to be bought in the open market; it is equally certain that it has been overcharged for labor. Today, there can be no doubt that some of the provisions of the new charter are disregarded.

If local conditions are to be improved, the situation must be boldly faced and radical measures taken. In saying that petty economies, though they may be well enough in their way, will never bring about a revolution, The Mirror is undoubtedly right.

SIGN OF SPRING

Now is the time to have your lawn mower overhauled and put in first class condition. Every mower is ground by a practical mechanic on an especially made machine, which leaves no guess work nor standing grass. All work will receive the same careful attention it did last year.

FRANK S. SEYMOUR.

REQUIEM MASS FOR BISHOP DELANY

There will be a requiem high mass for the repose of the soul of the late Bishop John B. Delany at the Church of the Immaculate Conception on Saturday morning at eight o'clock.

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Foreign and Domestic
Suits
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Clays and Domestic Serges,
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Imported French Brandy . . \$1.25
 Caldwell's Newburyport Rum . 50c
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WANTED—A good strong boy, not afraid of work. Apply at Ocean Wave House, Rye North Beach. chj18-3t

WANTED—A cook and a housemaid. Both to be experienced. Apply to Mrs. Parks, House O, Navy Yard. chj15-1f

TO LET—Nice furnished front room, 31 Fleet street. Apply at Blacksmith Shop. chj14-1w

TO LET—House No. 17 Court street, apply to William H. Rollins, 68 Pleasant street. chj14-1w

AGENTS for "Gloria" the wonderful new drink. Gives youthful vigor. Half a day of new life in every drink. Drink Gloria. C. E. Boynton. Tel. chj12-13w

WANTED—Men and boys to learn plumbing, plastering, bricklaying. Special offer life scholarship fifty dollars, easy payments; position guaranteed; free catalogue. Coyne Bros. Trade Schools, New York, Chicago, St. Louis. j15

TO LET—House No. 100 on State street, house No. 38 Cabot street; also 8-room cottage, ten minutes from Foss' Beach, pleasantly situated. Apply to Benjamin F. Webster. hctf

FOR SALE—Beach lot at Wallis Sands, fronting on beach. Address B. F. D., this office. chaj18tf

FOR SALE—Quantity of iron grating such as is used in banks. Inquire at this office. chaj15tf

FOR SALE—A dozen second hand doors. Inquire at this office. chaj15tf

FOR SALE—Large bank desk, formerly used at Portsmouth Savings Bank. Inquire at this office. chaj15tf

ELECTRIC motor for sale. Inquire at this office. M9cht

TO LET—Or lease for term of years, a house of fourteen rooms with hot and cold water and hot water heat (suitable for boarding house), also stable with twelve stalls, near navy yard bridge. Apply Chas. H. Bartlett, Orman House, or Geo. D. Boulter, Kittery, Me.

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PORTSMOUTH'S GAME

Defeated Forest City Nine On
Saturday

GAME WAS WON ON ITS MERITS ---
SCORE WAS TWO TO ONE

On Saturday at Portland, the
Portland baseball team won a
brilliant victory in a game with
the strong team of the Maine
city. It was a brilliant contest
and was won on its merits.

McGrady, who was with Portsmouth
early last season, was in the box for
the nine from this city and out-
pitched the great "Pop" Williams.
He allowed but four hits.

Meador, a new man, was tried at
first and made an unusual record at
the bat. He was up four times, mak-
ing three hits and securing a free
pass.

O'Brien, late of the Jasper team of
Manchester was behind the bat and
stowed up well.

Portland scored in the first inning
and after that was blanked. Port-
smouth made two runs and won the
game in the sixth. In the ninth with
no one out, Portland got a man on
third, but McGrady was invincible.

Features of the game were the bat-
ting of Meador, sensational catches
in the outfield by Hanson and Locke
and the pitching of McGrady.

The tabulated score:

Portsmouth	R	B	H	P	O	A	E
Manix 2b.....	0	0	1	5	0		



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PROPOSALS will be received at the Bureau
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ment, Washington, D. C., until 10 O'CLOCK
A. M., June 28, 1906, and publicly opened im-
mediately thereafter, to furnish at the navy
yard, Portsmouth, N. H., a quantity of naval
supplies, as follows: Sch. 509; Motors,
schooner, etc., steel plates and shapes—
Sch. 600; Awning, twist drills, wire,
cloth, screen guards, hardware and tools, bar
steel, pipe fittings—Sch. 601; Bolts and
nuts, cones and rubber mats, hardware and
tools, galvanized sheet steel, cylinder oil, pipe
fittings, valves, toilet paper. Applications for
proposals should designate the schedules de-
sired by number. Think proposals will be for-
warded upon application to the navy pay office,
Portsmouth, N. H., or to the Bureau, N. P. B.,
14 RUTLAND, Treasurer General, U. S. N. 6-4-06
h311.

35 FIRES

Last week with a loss of over
\$10,000 each.

Total \$2,751,000.

HARRY M. TUCKER,
Insurance Agent.

Hanson cf.....	1	0	2	0	0
Hurley ss.....	1	1	1	1	1
Meador 1b.....	0	3	11	0	1
Powers 3b.....	0	0	1	1	1
O'Brien c.....	0	0	7	2	1
Lynskey lf.....	0	0	0	0	0
Locke rf.....	0	1	4	0	0
McGrady p.....	0	0	0	4	0
Total.....	2	5	27	13	4

Portland	R	B	H	P	O	A	E
Tetzelt rf.....	0	0	2	1	0		
Rawson 2b.....	0	0	2	1	0		
Killeder ss.....	1	2	1	2	0		
McDonough 1b.....	0	1	0	1	0		
Clark cf.....	0	1	0	1	0		
Lamon lf.....	0	0	0	0	0		
Henry 3b.....	0	0	1	1	1		
Edgar c.....	0	0	14	1	0		
Williams p.....	0	1	0	1	1		
Total.....	1	4	27	7	4		
Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Portsmouth.....	0	0	0	0	2	0	0
Portland.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	1

Two base hit—Killeder. First base
on balls—Williams 3, McGrady.
Struck out—Williams 13, McGrady 8.
Double play—Manix to Meador. Um-
pire—Laidley.

HAMPTON BRIDGE

**Mile-Long Structure Is Now Under-
going Extensive Repairs**

Contractors are repairing the mile
bridge crossing Hampton river, the
structure having settled some eight-
een inches for a distance of over 300
feet.

The bridge is of wood and is sup-
ported its entire length by piles.
The shifting sands of the winter
caused the bridge to settle.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

**Of Oak Castle, K. G. E., Postponed
Until Next Sunday**

The memorial services of Oak Cas-
tle, No. 4, Knights of the Golden
Eagle, which were to be held in K.
G. E. Hall on Sunday, were post-
poned on account of the rain.

They will be held next Sunday.
Rev. Mr. Farmer of the Methodist
Church will deliver the address.
An invitation has been extended for
the general public to attend.

PORT OF PORTSMOUTH

Arrivals At and Departures From
Our Harbor June 16 and 17

Arrived Saturday
Schooner Independent, Farrow,
Newport News, with 1800 tons of coal
for Boston and Maine railroad.
Schooner Samuel S. Thorp, Pierce,
Newburyport for Kennebec.
Tug Cumberland, Eglise, Baltimore,
towing barges, No. 8, with 1600 tons
of coal for Arthur W. Walker, and
No. 21, latter Washington for Port-
land.

Arrived Sunday
Tug Portsmouth, Perkins, Saco,
towing two barges for Boston.
Tug Piscataqua, Drew, York, tow-
ing two barges for Boston.
Tug M. Mitchell Davis, Hoyt, Par-
ker's Flats.
Tug Cumberland, Eglise, Portland.

Sailed Saturday
Tug M. Mitchell Davis, towing
schooner Emma F. Angell, Tripp, for
Kennebec and New York.
Tug Piscataqua, towing two barges,
York.

Sailed Sunday
Tug Cumberland, Baltimore via
Boston.
Wind Saturday, southeast, light.
Wind Sunday, easterly, fresh, thick
and rainy.

Telegraphic Shipping Notes
Newport News, June 16—Sailed,
barge Pottsville, Portsmouth.
Sunderstown, R. I., June 16—Ar-
rived, schooner Mineola, Kane, Port
Reading for Exeter.

Vineyard Haven, June 16—Passed,
schooner Horace A. Stone, Trask,
Baltimore for Portsmouth.
Cape Henry, June 17—Passed,
schooner Perry-Setzer, Blake, New-
port News for Portsmouth.

GRIFFIN FAMILY REUNION

The thirty-third annual reunion of
the descendants of Josiah and Lydia
Griffin is to be held at Willow Dale
picnic grounds, Tyngsboro, Mass., on
Wednesday, June 20. A delegation
from Portsmouth will be present, led
by the earnest and faithful Orwin
Griffin.

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Wm. L. G. Griffin, Syrup has been
used for children's teething. It soothes the
gums, kills the pain, cures wind
colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea.
Twenty-five cents a bottle.

KITTERY LETTER.

(Continued from first page.)

days in Boston and Falmouth, Mass.,
on business at his hotel, Abbotsford
and Sippewissett, situated respective-
ly in the above named places.

A little patch of land at Cutts Is-
land, which contains a rare growth of
a plant known as the moose pea, is at-
tracting attention among botanists.
News from the Kittery Point mack-
erel fleet at Block Island, R. I.,
shows it to be doing well, although
the Columbia, Capt. Harry Handoff,
has been unfortunate enough to
spring her mast and break her pro-
peller shaft.

YELLOW HAWK DEAD

**Indian With Main And Cummings
Circus Dies In This City**

Yellow Hawk, an Indian belonging to
the Main and Cummings circus,
died at the Cottage hospital on Sat-
urday afternoon from a fractured
skull caused by a fall from his horse
while exhibiting in Manchester three
days previous.

He was taken from the car in the
morning and conveyed in the ambu-
lance in an unconscious condition to
the hospital.

Yellow Hawk was attended by an
Indian doctor who accompanies the
circus.

He will be buried here.

BOLD NAVIGATOR

**A Voyage Which Had That of Co-
lumbus Faded**

The voyage of Columbus across the
seas in 1492 was not a marker to the
recent trip of a combination of sea-
going men from the cooper shop of
the Frank Jones Brewing Company,
off the rocky coast of the North Mill
Point.

The fun was all due, so it is
claimed, to the invitation of one of
Portsmouth's crack firemen who, by
the way, is somewhat of a navigator,
for a trip in his last launch, the
Bonny.

Everything went well until one of
the guests lost his lid and then the
party was up against it for further
orders. The greatest skill in naviga-
tion failed to help matters and it is
rumored that the compass was frozen.

The fun on the water was all right
until there came from the dryland
sailors on the shore exclamation of
"Hard-a-port", "Back her", "Let go
your anchor", "Get the hook", "23"
and "Skidoo".

Anyhow, they are back once more
at the bench and in the midst of their
daily labor they can be seen to quiver
when thoughts of that perilous trip
come back to them.

The skipper will be honored by the
customary medal for his heroic
deeds on this occasion, just as soon
as his picture and address can be
forwarded to the humane society.

HOOD ALL READY

**Prepared to Meet the Unknown at
Berwick**

The South Berwick Athletic Club
will present a good list of boxing
bouts this (Monday) evening and a
large crowd will go from Portsmouth
to see the exhibition, especially to
get a look at Jesse Hood and the
Unknown, who are to go a few
rounds.

During the past week, Hood has
been in last training. His mode of
preparation was copied from Jim Jef-
fries, who before a battle does con-
siderable sawing and splitting of
wood. Up to date, Hood has made a
record of sawing and splitting over
four cords of wood and says that he
can picture defeat for his opponent.

The other bouts to come off are all
good cards and the athletic club of
South Berwick ought to make good.

AT THE NAVY YARD

The department has been advised
that the dry dock Dewey will arrive
at Manila on July 20 and will then
complete a trip by tow of 12,350
miles, requiring seven months.

An examination for the position of
master inside shipfitter in the con-
struction and repair department, left
vacant by the death of Inkerman B.
Davis, will be held on July 12.

Capt. Samuel W. Very, now on
duty at Boston navy yard, has been
selected by the department to become
commandant of the navy yard at
Honolulu. He will succeed Capt.
Henry W. Lyon, formerly at the
Portsmouth yard, who goes to Mare
Island to succeed Admiral B. H. Mc-
Calla, about to retire. The Honolulu
berth is generally regarded as a de-

shable one. Capt. Very is a native
of England but entered the naval ser-
vice from Massachusetts in 1863.

The Artesian Well and Supply
Company of Providence, R. I., is
setting up the machinery for drilling
for water near the yards and docks
power plant. Two holes 200 feet
deep will be drilled.

J. Howard Jenkins, writer in the
construction and repair department,
is on a short furlough, which he is
passing in Boston and other Massa-
chusetts cities.

The engineer and fireman of ferry
steamer, No. 122, who have been
suspended for the last six months, re-
sumed their duties today (Monday).

The Eagle will, with any kind of
weather, land at the yard in a day or
two.

The memorial peace tablet for the
general store building must have got
lost in the shuffle.

On or after July 6, an examination
of applicants will be held at Brooklyn
navy yard for filling the following po-
sitions: First class mechanical
draftsman, department of yards and
docks, Portsmouth navy yard; first
class structural steel work drafts-
man, yards and docks department,
naval station, Key West, Fla. Both
positions carry salaries of \$5.04 per
diem.

Foreman Scaler Studley today
(Monday) presented several of his
force with some handsome peas from
his farm at Hampton. This is unusu-
ally early for peas, but "Ed" has al-
ways been a leader in farming, as
well as in scaling, and his donation
to his men of the early vegetables
was really no surprise.

PIANO RECITAL THIS EVENING

**By Pupils Of Miss Ethel Whiton
Thompson In Association Hall**

This evening at Association Hall
Miss Ethel Whiton Thompson, the
well known music teacher of York,
will give her fifth annual piano recit-
al participated in by the pupils of
her class of 1906.

Miss Thompson will be assisted by
Miss M. Dorothea Thullen, soloist,
whom local music lovers will be
greatly pleased to hear.

NOTICE

Sam Lee, who for thirty years has
conducted a laundry in this city, will
occupy the store vacated by George
W. Lord, 44 Congress street, where
he will give strict attention to the
wants of his old customers and to all
new patrons.

"Hub's" Population.
Boston official statistics show the
population of the Hub in 1905 was
595,350, of whom 139,633 were legal
voters, or something less than one in
four.

Insured Ankles.
La Belle Otero, the famous continen-
tal dancer, takes no chances of loss
through the twisting of an ankle, as
each of her feet is insured for \$10,000.

Vatican Astronomer.
A new director of the Vatican as-
tronomical observatory has just been
named by the pope in the person of
Father Hagen, of the Jesuit order.

Provision.
Missionary—I want to reach the
children.
Cannibal Chief—You will; they al-
ways get what's left!—Puck.

Best Kind.

"What do you think of wives to or-
der?"
"I would prefer one ready maid."—
Baltimore American.

GEORGE A. TRAFTON
Blacksmith and Expert Horse
Shoer.

STONE TOOL WORK A SPECIALTY
NO. 113 MARKET ST

BOOKBINDING
Of Every Description.

Blank Books Made to Order
J. D. RANDALL

Over Pay's Store, Portsmouth, N. H.

LADIES. DR. LAFRANCE'S COMPOUND
For the regulation of the female system.
It is a purely vegetable preparation, and is
the most reliable and safe remedy for all
female ailments.



Diary of a Clothier.
Friday, June 15.
Weather fine. Trade
good. Have opened
today some special
trades in Men's Hose
at 25c per pair.
All the new shades
and decorative effects
of Hosedom are shown.
In our clothing sales tomorrow we expect to number
several "graduation suits." We have sold a lot of them
already. They are of unfinished worsted and chevrot
cloths, correctly tailored and embody all the essential
features of sartorial excellence.
Prices twelve and fifteen dollars.
HENRY PEYSER & SON,
"Selling the Togs of the Period."

THE

**Most Complete Shoe Store
In Portsmouth.**

A handsome foot counts for nothing in an un-
shapely shoe. Don't forget when you require another
pair of shoes to call at

The White Shoe Store,
Duncan & Storer
5 MARKET ST., PORTSMOUTH, N. H.
LEAVE YOUR BUNDLES.

A. O. Caswell, Bottler,
12 1-2 Porter St. Telephone Connection.
IS WHERE YOU CAN FIND THE FOLLOWING GOODS:
Eldredge's Pilsener Lager, Half Stock Ale, Cream Ale.
Frank Jones Golden Ale, Homestead Ale, Stock Porter, Nourishing
Stout, India Pale Ale.
Portsmouth Brewing Co.'s Portsburger Lager, Sparkling Ale, Hal-
Stock Ale, Stock Porter, India Pale Ale.
Schlitz Lager (Budweiser Brewery Bottling.)
Ales, Lager and Porter by the 1/4 keg. Wines and Liquors. Soda
Siphons and Tanks.
PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN FAMILY TRADE.

THOMAS R. SANDFORD, THE TAILOR
At L. D. Britton's Express Office.
TELEPHONE 58-2.

Would you put your Chronometer in the hands of a Blacksmith
for adjustment or would you give it to a Watchmaker? I AM A
TAILOR AND KNOW MY BUSINESS. Let me do your work.
You will find that it is done RIGHT and the price is SATISFAC-
TORY. A splendid line of Woolsens for Spring and Summer. I have
not removed. I am at the same place,
22 Daniel St. L. D. Britton's Express Office Portsmouth

Granite State Bottling Company
58 STATE ST.,
Manufacturers and Bottlers of most every kind of a good soft drink. Our
feature is the famous old Golden Rod Ginger Ale. It has no equal, it never
will. We have other drinks that will come to the front. Try our Birch,
Lemon, Cream Soda, Blood Orange, Plum Tonic, Sarsaparilla and Root Beer.
One trial will convince you that we have the goods.
We want family trade as well as any other and intend to give it prompt
attention. Goods delivered any part of the city free of charge.
Telephone Connection Gas Cylinders for sale

PHILBROOK & MARVIN,
PROPRIETORS.

For ten years we have been engaged in the MONUMENTAL, GRAN-
ITE AND MARBLE Business in the neighboring city of Dover, and later in
Rochester, N. H., and Waterville, Me. During this time we have set con-
siderable monumental work in Portsmouth and surrounding towns.
Now that we have located in Portsmouth, we shall endeavor to build up
the same large volume of trade here, that we have at our other shops by the
same business principles viz:—
HIGH GRADE WORK AT REASONABLE PRICES.
Call and inspect our stock. We are now quoting special prices for
delivery before Memorial Day.

FRED C. SMALLEY, MARBLE AND GRANITE DEALER,
Successor to Thos. G. Lester, No. 2 Water St

A New Hotel
at the **Old Stand**
\$250,000 has just been spent
Remodeling, Refurnishing,
and Redecorating the
HOTEL EMPIRE
Broadway, Empire Square & 63d St.
NEW YORK CITY.
Restaurant and Service Unexcelled
Splendid Location
Most Modern Improvements—
All surface cars pass over
transfer to bus
Subway and "L" stations 2 minutes
Hotel fronts on three streets
Electric Clocks, Telephones and
Automatic Lighting Devices
in every room
Moderate Rates
MUSIC
W. Johnson Quinn, Proprietor
Send for guide of New York-Free

OLIVER W. HAM.
(Successor to Samuel B. Fletcher)
60 Market Street.
Furniture Dealer
—AND—
Undertaker.
NIGHT CALLS 62 and 64
Market street, or at residence
cor. New Vaughan street and
Raynes avenue.
Telephone 69-2.

7-20-4
Cigar Factory monthly out-
put is now \$1,000, or more
than Ten Millions annually.
Largest sale of any 10c cigar
in New England.
Quality Counts.
R. G. SULLIVAN,
stamped on every cigar,
Factory, Manchester, N. H.

FIREMEN'S
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Newark, N. J.
Organized 1855
Assets \$3,320,722
Isley & George, Agents

H. W. NICKERSON
LICENSED MBALMER
—AND—
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
6 Daniel Street, Portsmouth
Calls by night at residence, 9
Miller avenue, or 11 Gates
street, will receive prompt
attention.
Telephone at office and resi-
dence.

COAL AND WOOD
C. E. WALKER & CO.,
Commission Merchants
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Coal and Wood
Office Cor. State and Water Sts.

THE STRANGER WHO WAS SYMPATHETIC.

The doorbell rang again, fiercely. Mrs. Owen hid under her apron with a sigh. This was her busy day—yet it might be a telegram. She tiptoed across the hall and surreptitiously peered under the closed door. Just here the bell rang a violent peal, which so startled Mrs. Owen that she jumped, and so the shade—to the top of the window.

"Oh," gasped she, "he has seen me, and now it would be impossible to answer the bell. I hope he isn't a book agent. They are so hard to get rid of, and the poor thing, have to earn their living." Here she opened the door, partly to see who was there.

"Good morning," said a pleasant voice. "I don't wonder you hesitate to open the door. It is so apt to be that kind of a day, that you would not want to be disturbed." Mrs. Owen, who was quite taken back by this opening.

"Certainly, madam. Yet there are many kinds of thieves. Thieves of time—"

"But the worst kind is the thief of health. He gnaws our vitals, and though ages roll on and nations crumble, still he holds the same changeless pose, tearing and wearing out our lives. You have some beautiful children, madam."

"How did—"

"I am not a Sherlock Holmes, but I know what I know. Are those their pictures I see on the mantel?"

"Yes. One is five and the other three—"

"I am glad to see you have a mother's fond heart and fine sentiment. They have beautiful hair."

"Flossie is almost golden—"

"And it is your duty, ma'am, to keep it so. Duty ought to be spelled with a capital 'D,' so many persons overlook it. It is every one's duty to look as well as possible. You would like always to look young?"

"But we can't do that. The gray will creep into our hair."

"Pardon me—it is that I would avoid. You could never seem old with that abundance of beautiful brown hair which your husband so much admires."

Here Mrs. Owen blushed like a girl.

"But, ma'am, it will be a twang to his heartstrings when your hair begins to lose its luster. And that is where duty calls, nay, screams, ma'am. Surely, you would save him these unnecessary pangs?"

"Oh, yes!" cried the excited woman. She had discovered a gray hair that morning. "But—"

"There is no but. I know it. Your husband's hair is not as luxuriant as it used to be?"

"You know that, too?"

"I suppose he has tested the curative properties of innumerable ointments and tons of vaseline."

"Yes, and lots of—"

"He has probably flooded his sparse-ly covered head with every decoction the loquacious barber recommended. Madam, failures like these are almost tragic. You can't know what it is to seek quiet on a summer's day and have a regiment of insects with tickle legs and spiky in their little shoes prancing over your roof garden—pardon me, head. But sadder still to have your babes, almost from the cradle, point their tiny fingers in scorn at papa's bald pate. Excuse me, it brings tears to my eyes." Here he mopped his brow with his handkerchief.

"If I knew what—"

"There's where I can help you. Careful people now consider it a duty to use field-packs of Bismarck. It de-lights the mother, for it keeps her dar-ling's hair shiny and golden. It pre-vents brown hair turning gray. It fully restores the barren phenological knoll. It's a sublime effective salve, soothing to the head and to broken-down nerves. It's a magic hair ins-tigator hair inspirer, I might say."

Mrs. Owen had heard of hair res-torers before, but nothing that prom-ised what this did.

"If you could tell me where to get the salve, I might try one box," she said.

"Three, ma'am, in start with is none too many. I have them in my pocket. No home can be truly happy without them. It is positively pathetic to run short of this glorious preparation. It aids the digestion. You never know when that sly thief, the microbe, will creep into this happy home. It may be even now lurking in a corner. Mrs. Owen gave a frightened glance around.

"I'll take the three boxes," she said, nervously. —Chicago Daily News

BILLY GETS ADVICE.

BY KENNETH HARRIS.

Billy Chestow said the other day it was his belief that the youth of 20 or 30 years ago were not favored with the wise advice of their seniors. Billy has suffered from advice a great deal, perhaps because his need of it is so strikingly apparent.

It was old Septimus Warriman who led the young man to deliver him- self of his sarcasm. Sep saw him walking at a brisk pace in the direction of the Pooley front gate. He was about a mile away from it and seemed anxious to get there.

"Taking a little stroll?" inquired Septimus as Billy overtook him.

"Slow up a little and I'll walk with you."

"I'm in a hurry, Mr. Warriman," said Billy.

"She'll probably be able to wait," said the old man. "Girls are different."

"I don't understand you," said Billy.

"My boy, my boy," remonstrated Septimus, "the package that is bulging your overcoat pocket is tied with a cord of gray golden tinsel. I say nothing of your chin, now reaped, nor of the vernal daffodil in your buttonhole, for those of themselves are no necessary indications of affection. I wore a daffodil myself the other day, and I shave three times a week, though not in the evening. Not quite so fast, please."

"Have it your own way," said Billy. "It happens to be green castle soap, which I am going to exchange for white at the drug store, and I tied it with the string that came off Mollie's weekly consignment, because it was handy, but if you like to consider it anything else you're welcome to."

"Let me tell you of a little incident of my own young days," said Septimus. "I was once young—and foolish, as many young people are. I fell in love. It wasn't castle soap, green or white; it was just the plain, old-fashioned moony, loony, sheep-eyed, calf-brained, sonnet writing, furnace sighing emotion that finds its expression in daffodils and tinsel-tied packages to-day. I called frequently. I sat in the back parlor and on the front veranda, according to the season. You may not believe this, William."

"Say, honest, Mr. Warriman, I've got to hurry," protested Billy.

"You can wait here a moment," said Septimus, catching hold of a coat button. "The drug store doesn't close until ten o'clock and I've nearly finished my little story. We became tentatively engaged. I lay stress on the qualification—tentatively, mind you."

"One pleasant morning in the early spring we set out together for a ramble through the woods and fields. I don't think I shall ever forget that morning. The sun was warm and bright and the breeze balmy, and the birds were carolling blithely and all nature seemed in sympathy with our happiness. I don't think, ardently as I had always admired her, I had ever seen my adored one look more beautiful. She wore a light-colored frock of some flimsy material and a hat decorated with the most lovely little flowers you can imagine. Talk about your spring hats! I've never seen a hat that came up to that one. It was a peach, William. It was the first time that she had worn it. We found some violets on the bank of a stream and we culled 'em. And then I discovered a wild currant bush that had a little blossom on it, and I gathered that in. And then we sat down on a mossy old log together and watched a squirrel frisk along a rail fence, and we just had a dickens of a good time, when all of a sudden something cold and wet fell on my nose."

"It's raining," cried the fair girl. "Oh, my hat!"

"Give it to me," I said. "I'll put it under my coat." She handed it over and forged ahead again, and we had nearly reached the shed when I stubbed my foot against a root and went headlong, on top of the hat, into a puddle. I'm bound to say she didn't laugh at me. I was foolish enough to feel grateful to her for that at first.

"We got into the shed, which, how-ever, shed very little, and I took out the ruins of the hat."

"I think you might have brought an umbrella," she said, rather sharply.

"Her tone was a shock to me, but I explained that I didn't know it was going to rain. She said I ought to have known."

"We were about half an hour in that shed and if ever a young man was given food for thought in half an hour I was. The weather cleared up then, but she didn't. She wouldn't speak to me all the way back and we parted in anger. Then I went home and thought it all over. Now, that's what I want you to do, William, think it all over."

"Quit her cold, did you?" said Billy.

Septimus sighed.

"What would a thoughtful, if in-fatuated, young man naturally expect after marriage if that sort of thing occurred before?" he asked.

"I thought it all over," he contin-ued, "and then I wrote—and begged her to pardon me for my inconsiderate behavior."

He sighed again, relaxed Billy's button and started for home, which was just around the corner from where they had been standing.

Billy did not ask if the fair young girl was the present Mrs. Sep, but he has his suspicions. —Chicago Daily News

DOWNFALL OF THE SPITBALL PITCHER.

"Well," said the fat fan, drawing in his corporation so as to get a fresh toothpick out of his waistcoat pocket, "baseball will soon be with us again and all the rooters will come their squabbling as to who discovered the spitball."

"I know who discovered the spitball. It was Cy Priest, the pitcher of the re-doubtable Lintail Roasters. He first used it 'way back in '84 against the champion Lightfoot Lilies. And it was in that same contest that Capt. Slugger Burrows, of the Lilies, devised the only effectual means of stopping the spit-ball."

"For the first six innings of that memorable game Cy Priest mowed the Lilies down without a hit. He'd lick his fingers and wipe 'em on the ball before every delivery."

"Ordinary spitball, of course, but it wasn't until the last half of the seventh that Slugger Burrows got wise to the fact that the wetting of the ball had anything to do with Cy's wonderful pitching."

"By jingo," he suddenly exclaimed as big Bull Thompson struck out for the third time that afternoon. "I'm on to that guy's curves all right. It's the spitting on the ball that does it. Here," he called to me—I was substituting that day—run down to the village drug store and get ten cents' worth of powdered alum. And hustle, will you?"

"I hustled, and when I got back it was the first half of the ninth. The Lilies were in the field, two were out, and the score stood 3-0 in favor of the Roasters."

"The moment the Slugger saw me waving to him he called for time out and came running in from short stop."

"I handed him the package. He stood close to me so that nobody could see and poured the alum powder into the palm of his mit."

"After a couple more balls the Roaster, at bat fled out to center, retiring the side. When the ball was fielded in the capper picked it up and rubbed it around in his mit before tossing it to the umpire. Even then I didn't see what his game was."

"As Sammy Salmon was going up to bat in our half the Slugger told him to wait for his base on balls."

"Don't strike at anything, no mat-ter how good it looks. Somehow I've got a hunch that Cy Priest is going to lose his control," he explained with a broad wink at me.

"Cy licked his fingers two or three times and rubbed 'em on the ball. Zip! It came square over the plate and the umpire called a strike. Sammy Salmon, cast a questioning glance at the Slugger, who had gone down to first to coach."

"That's all right, Sammie," the Slugger sang out, reassuringly.

"Again Priest started licking his fingers, but this time he couldn't seem to get 'em good and wet. The alum that he'd rubbed on the ball was dry-ing up his mouth."

"Zip! Ball one."

"The more vigorously he licked the drier his tongue became. The Slugger turned his back to hide his mirth."

"Zip! Wild pitch. Ball two."

"In desperation Cy licked his fingers, rubbed 'em on the ball, and then licked his fingers again. Did you ever put any alum in your mouth? By this time his tongue was so dry that if he'd tried to lick a postage stamp 't would only have made it dusty."

"Too high. Ball three."

"Once more he licked his fingers. That alum acted like a gathering string, and his mouth puckered up to about the size of a pinhole. This time he seemed to notice the bitter taste. He lapped the ball with his tongue to make sure. He looked round in a puzzled sort of way."

"Suddenly he caught sight of Slugger Burrows doubled up with laughter off first. He shook his fist at him savagely and looked as if he were going to swear, but—"

"Phr-r-r! Phr-r-r! Phr-r-r!"

"His mouth was so puckered up by the alum that all he could do was whistle. The Slugger tried to whistle back at him, but he was laughing so hard he couldn't."

"What on earth's the matter?" de-manded the umpire in amazement.

"Phr-r-r! Phr-r-r! Phr-r-r," Cy angrily whistled.

"Both teams crowded around the pitcher's box. Cy whistled at 'em furiously."

"He's gone bughouse from the heat," said the Slugger, tapping his forehead suggestively. "Heat and overexcitement. He thinks he's a steamboat in a fog. Better get him in the shade, quick. They're apt to get violent when they're that way."

"Three or four of the boys seized Cy and started toward the clubhouse with him. He was struggling like a mad-man."

"Phr-r-r! Phr-r-r! Phr-r-r!"

"That's all right, old steamboat," the Slugger told him soothingly. "I can hear your whistle all right. We won't collide."

"It was an awful struggle when they reached the clubhouse, but they finally got his arms tied and clapped him into an improvised straitjacket of trunk straps and baseball bats."

"What the Lightfoot Lilies did to the substitute pitcher that the Roasters put in when the game was resumed is a matter of history. They pounded him all over the lot, and pulled the game out of the fire, 4-3, none down when the winning run was scored."

"It wasn't until the teams were start-ing home that Cy Priest's mouth re-laxed even enough to let words of one syllable pass through. He immediately launched into a highly-colored descrip-tion of Slugger Burrows. Surprised, how many good, strong words of only one syllable there are in the language! Did you ever stop to think of it?"—N. Y. Sun.

SHE WAS REPAID.

The gray-haired lady had had a pleas-ing and peaceful morning. She had conducted satisfactory business in a leisurely way with the family lawyer in New York, and she got into the train with a sense of something accom-plished, something done, and an in-clination to take ten minutes' repose if she was not disturbed.

She was not disturbed to have the car to herself. A pretty schoolgirl of 13 with sad and mysterious eyes entered and sat by the open window with her face to the engine. The old lady had a purely benevolent desire to put any-thing right which was obviously wrong, so she turned to the schoolgirl:

"You will excuse me, my dear," she said in a singularly fruity voice, "but if you sit in that position your face will become covered with smudges."

"Thanks so much," said the girl, sweetly, "but I had been intending to wash it sooner or later in any case. And if I sat with my back to the engine I should be very sick. I'll do it if you prefer it."

"Not at all, not at all," said the old lady. "I will remember that an aunt of mine was similarly afflicted. How ever, if you close the window partial-ly—"

The girl waited for a moment as if she had expected the old lady to go on, and then she said:

"Yes, I'll partially close the window then it would be about half shut, wouldn't it? I've noticed that myself."

The old lady looked perplexed and even slightly disapproving. "All I meant," she said, "was if you partially closed the window the smudges would not come on your face."

"Thanks very much," said the girl. "I ought to have told you I was going to wash my face in any case. I'm sorry I forgot it. I don't think I will shut the window because I should be de-privating you of fresh air, which is the common right of all God's creatures."

The old lady was startled. She won-dered whether mental derangement often set in at so early an age.

"I'll tell you what I will do if you like," said the girl. "If you'll give me your newspaper I will make a paper-bag to put over my head, with two very small holes for my eyes and another for my mouth. Then I shan't have to wash, and that's what you dislike, isn't it?"

"You may not have noticed," said the old lady, "that I'm reading my news-paper."

"Yes, I did," said the girl. "I shouldn't have dreamed of asking you for it if you hadn't objected to my washing my face. You see the mathe-matical chances would be very small of any smudges coming through the three small holes which I should cut for my eyes and mouth. But you can have the paper back when I've done with it, you know."

"You are a most extraordinary child," said the old lady, with some severity.

"I'm so sorry," said the girl, with a sigh. "I was only anxious to please, and it's not always easy to find out what people do want, is it?"

The old lady glared at her in stony silence, and then resumed the study of her newspaper. That schoolgirl had not quite finished all that she meant to do with that old lady. After a pause she said, timidly:

"This train does go to Cohoes, doesn't it?"

Then the old lady saw that her hour of triumph had come.

"No, my child," she said. "This train does not go to Cohoes, it goes in quite a contrary direction. I am afraid little girls are far more independent now than they used to be in the days when I was young. What you ought to have done if you had not been so frivolous and light-headed was to have asked the porter or the conductor of the train, then this blunder would not have happened."

"I see," said the girl, sadly. "I wonder what I ought to do."

"This was a practical question with which the old lady was perfectly com-petent to deal. "What you must do," she said, "is to get out at the next station, and then cross by the bridge to the platform on the other side; show your ticket to the porter and explain how the accident happened and he will put you into a Cohoes train."

"Yes," said the girl, doubtfully; "thanks very much. But then I don't want to go to Cohoes."

"Then why did you say you did?" snapped the old lady.

"But I didn't, you know. I asked if the train went to Cohoes, because from the look in your eye I thought you wanted to go there."

"You are talking absolute nonsense," said the old lady. "You tried to deceive me and it is most improper. Why did you tell me then that you wondered what you ought to do?"

"So I did wonder, and I do still. It's about a white rabbit of mine which has been very ill for some days past. I can't think what to give it to eat. I shall have to try every seed I've tried everything else. You see that hasn't got anything to do with Cohoes, has it? I should have explained that if you hadn't interrupted me. Yes, I get out at this station. Thanks so much for your help."—N. Y. Telegraph.

Dwindling Naval Reserve.

The British government stands to lose its naval reserve unless it changes re-cent regulations, which require 23 con-secutive days' service at sea on a battle-ship each year. As most of the men are engaged on liners and other sea-going vessels, this gives them the choice of leaving the reserve or losing their ship.

End Her There.

irate creature—there's more water in the milk you sell than in my beer, saw!

Imperturbable Mikman—That only shows, ma'am that you never opened a cocoa-nut.—Chicago Tribune.

MEMOIRS OF A CHICKEN.

My first acquaintance with Muham-mad Din was one evening in the early fall. His mother, comparatively un-successful in her second attempt at in-cubation, had tired of maternal duties on a small scale and piloted her small family to one of the roosting loca-ties where, on my rounds, I found a pecu-liar situation.

The chicks had all sought their quarters for the night except one. It was little Muhammad, and there he stood, a fluffy black ball, homesome, un-certain in the gathering twilight, and pouring the tumult of his little soul into measures of the most exquisite melancholy and abandonment that I had ever heard.

Taking up the hopeless little outcast, I tried as best I could to comfort his aching heart.

He was appreciative of my efforts and responded with cheery peeps of trust and confidence as he nestled in my hand, and chirruped a dreamy good-night when I finally left him in his cozy quarters.

I thought little more about it until the next evening, when I found that my little protegee had by no means for-gotten his delightful experience and wished it repeated; for he did not fol-low his foster brothers and sisters to their wooden mother, but again raised his doleful chorus, which I quelled by again putting him safely to rest.

And so it grew into a habit with both of us. Every evening Muham-mad would linger until the rest had retired and then raise his entreating cries, while I, listening, would hasten and put the little pariah to rest.

And thus the friendship between Mu-hammad Din and myself ripened. It was about this time that I honored my little friend with his foreign sounding name, for in some respects, at least, he seemed to resemble Mr. Kipling's wise little Hindu.

I had now become able to distinguish Muhammad clearly from his fellows and it pleased me to see that he ex-celled them all in deference and atten-tion to me. Yet as the days passed on I could not help seeing as the chicks feathered and increased in size and stature that my little friend was not holding his own.

Noticing more closely I found the reason. While the others were work-ing, vigorous scratching in the litter for the hidden grain, Muhammad was for more likely to be reflectively look-ing on than to be engaged in the eager competition.

At intervals I placed little Muham-mad in the grainroom and allowed him to eat to repletion; but this, while sat-isfying his hunger, seemed to produce no marked growth, and he fell more and more behind.

At length the chicks outgrew the brooder and it became necessary to find a new place for Muhammad.

A convenient arrangement soon of-fered itself.

In one of the houses there were two young pullets who obstinately refused to roost.

At this time, however, this failing became a virtue. Muhammad was placed in the house and every evening he crawled under them for his night's rest, thus having his third maternal ar-rangement.

Winter was coming on now and kind nature supplied little Muhammad with a generous coat of dull, black feathers, which reached clear to his toes, and if not enhancing his beauty at any rate aided in making him comfortable.

No doubt many would have considered him an ugly little runt with utterly no excuse for living, and I admit that to thus keep him in contravention of all laws known or laws to be discov-ered for profitable poultry raising, but if such thoughts were ever present they instantly fled when I looked down at Muhammad's sagacious little eyes as he stood blinking at me and regard-ing me with the most sincere devotion and admiration.

Never do I hope to be favored with such love and affection. Every morn-ing when I opened the house he ran to meet me, chirping a cheery good morn-ing, and every time that I chanced during the day to be about the yard he would follow after me, chattering his good will and making his bravest ef-forts to light on my shoulder.

I was his hero, his benefactor, his protector. He was happy to even see me; he was in transports did I but pet him for a bit.

He now no longer made the slightest pretense of scratching for his food, and regularly every morning I placed the little glutton in the grain room, where he would stuff himself until he could hold no more, yet at evening he was ready again to gorge his little crop with the delicious mash and, tired and happy, cooed under his protectors, chirruping and carolling his satis-faction.

On last Christmas Muhammad had batted manfully with the chilling blasts and I was quite unprepared for the sad event with which I must end this little biography.

One bleak morning upon opening the house Muhammad Din failed to meet me with his accustomed greeting.

I cannot well describe my feelings when, upon looking more closely, I dis-covered my little friend lying stiff and stark on the yellow straw at some little distance from the corner where his guardians usually slept. Those guar-dians, alas, at this late day had finally decided to go to roost and had left poor Muhammad to freeze to death.

His eyes were closed peacefully in death, and I could almost fancy that in his last moments he had been think-ing of his happy little life and his great friend.—Kansas City Star.

A SMOOTH GAME.

"That was a queer-lookin' bunch you brought in last night, Martin," said Tim Ryan of Central station; "where did ye pick 'em up?" The sergeant only growled.

"He had a growl comin', I guess," big Martin Malcolm answered. "Tim," he went on impressively, "you're the only man on the police force I'd tell of this, and see that ye keep yer mouth shut. It was like this: I was standin' on the corner talkin' with the dago newsboy there, when up comes them three old women, all of 'em more excited than a pack of geese, sayin' that they lost their coin 'n' didn't know how they was goin' to get home. Well, I digs into my pocket an' finds that I ain't got nary a cent; so, thinkin' I'll just run 'em into the city hall an' make the sergeant shake down car fare for 'em. Right then my troubles began. I've run down footpads, an' ye remember the time I caught 'Softy Jake,' but nary in all my life on the police force did I ever have such a hard or exasperatin' time as I had in gettin' that crazy bunch o' hens to the city hall."

"First, the whole bloomin' bunch rebelled at goin' to a police station."

"I nary was in a police

THE HERALD.
MINIATURE ALMANAC
 JUNE 18.
 SUN RISES 5:47; MOON RISES 12:19 A. M.
 SUN SETS 7:51; MOON SETS 10:15 P. M.
 LENGTH OF DAY 15 10; FULL MOON 10:15 P. M.
 New Moon, June 21st, 6h. 5m. evening, W.
 First Quarter, June 25th, 9h. 19m. morning, E.
 Full Moon, July 1st, 11h. 5m. evening, E.
 Last Quarter, July 15th, 5h. 15m., morning, E.

A PLAYOUT POSSIBLE

Between The Franklin Pierce
 And The True W. Priest

CREW OF THE LATTER WILL NOT
 TALK, HOWEVER

Rumor has it that the Portsmouth Veteran Firemen's Association is not resting on account of fright caused by the return of the Franklin Pierce and the reports of the recent performances in the playouts held on two evenings of last week.

On the other hand, it is said that the Priest men are quietly having the old machine touched up a bit. They are not giving out much information regarding what they are to do with the machine, however.

While they are not talking for publication, it is known that they are letting no grass grow under their feet and a gentleman who knows a thing or two about both tubs says the Priest men will do no crawling. When the time comes, they will be on hand with the goods, which they say they can deliver to the Pierce crew in the same manner as before.

TALKING POLITICS

The Wise Ones Have Begun To Discuss
 The Situation

Politics are warming up just a little and the friends of those who would like to hold some of the county offices are telling what is going to be done.

These predictions can be taken for what they are worth, but it is apparent that somebody will be disappointed in the coming political race. Not without a fight, however, will any of those who have entered go down and out. Some of them have given out that they will not stand for the working of any political dodges during the political ball next Fall.

Those who like to meet the enemy on the political battlefield will probably have plenty to do before the year 1907 comes in.

The Fall campaign will not be more than over before the city election will have to be taken in hand and that, with the county campaign, ought to furnish plenty of political amusement for the wise ones.

ENCOUNTERED TROUBLE

Wild West Show Employees Found a
 Little of It Here

Several employees of the Cummins Wild West show encountered trouble in this city and felt into the hands of the police. They were, however, released.

Three circus men are said to have attacked two residents of the city who entered the stable tent and did not leave when ordered to do so. The circus attaches, Barney Stockwell, Frank Willett and Frank Marshall were arrested, but were allowed to go.

Two others engaged in a wordy battle with an electric railway motor-man, but no blows were struck.

COMPANY B LEAVES

Starts for Concord and the State
 Camp on Special Train

Company B, Second regiment, N. H. N. G., left here with nearly full ranks for the annual encampment at Concord this (Monday) morning. The special train on which the militiamen came from Dover, took on the company from this city, stopping at Rockingham Junction for the Exeter company.

The train did not go over the Lake Shore road, as usual, owing to the fact that there is now no company at Rochester, the company at Exeter having taken its place.

LEGAL COMPLICATIONS

A suit brought against the Cummins Wild West show by Harry Roy of Manchester led to some legal complications here on Saturday. Roy claimed that he received injuries by the breaking of a seat during a performance at Manchester and the circus people alleged that they had already settled with him. After a consultation of attorneys, the show proceeded to Portland.

OPINIONS OF THE PEOPLE

Navy Yard Working Hours

To the Editor of The Herald:—I, for one, am opposed to a reduction of the at present altogether too short working day of navy yard employees.

Of Friends and Pianos

One cannot be quite sure until time has tried them. We "underwrite," as an insurance company would say, every piano sold, by 60 years of experience in piano building. You take no risk when you buy an

EMERSON PIANO

It not only has beauty of case and the quality of tone that a musician cares for, but its good qualities are of the lasting kind. The honesty of an Emerson begins with the varnish and goes straight through to the iron plate. Send for illustrated catalogue and explanation of our easy time system of payments. Wherever you live we deliver free of expense.

H. P. Montgomery,

6 Pleasant Street, Opposite Post Office
 (Business Established 1865.)

Asking for Saturday half-holidays in the Summer, when the services of navy yard workmen are most needed seems to be very shortsighted. We all know that the government yards are even now at a disadvantage because of the existing rules in regard to labor.

Those workmen who contributed \$1.00 each to the fund to secure the Saturday half-holiday might better direct their efforts to the securing of more work, rather than less.

NAVY YARD WORKMAN.

KITTERY, PYTHIANS

Will Attend Anniversary Meeting in
 Farmington, This State

The Knights of Pythias of Kittery have completed arrangements for their visit to Farmington, this state, tomorrow evening where they will assist in celebrating the thirty-fifth anniversary of Harmony Lodge. The special train will leave Portsmouth at half-past six o'clock, going over the Dover branch. It will leave Farmington about one a. m., Wednesday returning by way of Conway Junction, stopping at Kittery Junction.

The Rank of Page will be presented by Constitution Lodge of Kittery, after which an entertainment and banquet will be enjoyed. Invitations are extended to all knights.

MILITIA CALL SOUNDED

For the First Time Since the Span-
 ish-American War

People were awakened early this (Monday) morning by the sounding of the fire alarm and were decidedly puzzled in trying to figure out the box which they thought had been pulled in.

Later, on inquiry, they learned that it was the militia call, which was pulled in to call Company B to the armory to make ready to go to Concord and to see how quickly the soldiers could get around. They made good time in answering the call.

This was the first call for the militia since the Spanish-American war.

WITH HER DAUGHTER

Mrs. Kennedy Passing Her Eighty-
 Eighth Birthday Here

Mrs. Mary W. Kennedy, mother of Mrs. John E. Dimick, came to this city on Sunday to pass today (Monday) the eighty-eighth anniversary of her birth, with her daughter and Mr. Dimick. Mrs. Kennedy, who lives in Wilton, this state, with her son-in-law, was met in Boston by Mr. Dimick. It is her annual custom to pass her birthday with her daughter.

Mrs. Kennedy is a lady of unusual strength and activity for one of her age and enjoys excellent health.

RAIN WAS DEFIED

And Letter Carriers Had a Good Time
 at Newington

The Letter Carriers' Association of eastern Massachusetts and southern New Hampshire, which includes Peabody, Amesbury, Newburyport, Exeter, Dover, Somersworth, Rochester and this city, held its annual outing at Bayside, Newington, on Sunday.

On the arrival of the out-of-town members, cars were taken for the Schurman farm, and a large barn was placed at the disposal of the party. Taylor Waterhouse of this city acted as toastmaster.

YELLOW HAWK BURIED

Yellow Hawk, the Indian of the Main and Cummins Wild West show who died at the Cottage Hospital on Saturday, was buried in Cotton's cemetery this (Monday) morning by Undertaker O. W. Ham. There were no religious services.

FAMOUS HUMORIST HERE

John Kendrick Bangs, the famous humorist, passed through this city today (Monday) on his way from York Harbor to Boston.

PERSONALS

Miss Marion Noyes of Hyde Park, Mass., passed Sunday in this city.

Mrs. Jacob Wendell of New York has opened her Summer home at New Castle.

James Snow, a well known Civil War veteran, is ill at his home on Gates street.

Miss Hattie Oxford, who has been at Kearsarge for several months, has returned home.

Willis Clark, Perley N. Hersey and James Scott are passing a few days in South Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shapleigh of South street are at Concord Point for a stay of two weeks.

John J. Dow, Ray C. Dargin and Charles L. Stackpole of Exeter passed Sunday in this city.

Mrs. John Payson Tucker and Miss Maud of Lowell are visiting in this city until after graduation day.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Cronin of Howard street, Charlestown, Mass., are at Hampton for the Summer.

Bert J. Rowe, superintendent of Hotel Bellevue, Boston, is passing the holiday at the parental home in this city.

Motorman William H. Appleton of the Exeter, Hampton and Amesbury street railway passed Sunday in this city.

James Rigby and son Harry, formerly of this city, now of Lynn, Mass., are passing a few days in town.

Police Officer and Mrs. H. B. Spinney of Chelsea, Mass., are passing a few days with relatives at South Eliot.

Miss Sadie L. Dearborn of Medford, Mass., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Leckey of Sagamore avenue.

Miss Annie Corcoran, cashier at the railroad station cafe, has returned from a visit of a week in Newport, Vt.

Mrs. William J. Sutherland, wife of Patrolman Sutherland, and little daughter, of Somerville, Mass., are at Rye Beach for the season.

Miss Marion Hill of Cambridge, Mass., passed Sunday with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Hutchings of State street.

Howard O. Nelson, state agent of the N. H. S. P. C. A., was on an extended North Country trip last week in the interest of that society.

Mr. Robert Gordon of Boston and Miss Mary L. Garland of this city are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas D. Noyes at their cottage, Wallis Sands.

The Misses Goodrich will remain in Portland in charge of the home of their relatives until the latter's arrival from their continental trip.

Mrs. William Bond, nee Miss Gertrude Morrissey, formerly of this city, now of Detroit, Mich., is the guest of her father, John Morrissey of Court street.

Samuel G. Hannaford and Miss Gertrude drove to Northwood on Saturday, where they are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Day, formerly of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Morris Tredick of Malden, Mass., formerly of this city, are visiting Mrs. Tredick's mother, Mrs. May F. Mathes of South street.

Hon. Robert T. Lincoln of Chicago, anticipates coming to Rye Beach this Summer to pass a few days. He has not been at that resort for several years, which was one of his favorite outing places for many consecutive seasons.

Marie and Stephen Brooks, children of Mr. and Mrs. James Brooks of Howard street, left this (Monday) morning for Somerville, Mass., where they will pass the Summer with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Flynn of that city.

Mrs. Charles P. Coffin, a daughter of the late Francis Parkman, the historian, with her husband and family of Longwood, Mass., sailed last week on the Iovonia for a trip abroad. Mrs. Coffin is a sister of the first wife of

D. F. BORTHWICK.

A word about some departments of our
 Store that are in particular favor just
 now.

In our Furnishing Goods Department are many
 articles of great convenience. The New Dress
 Shield meets the need of the present style of
 dress.

HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR—This department is
 worthy of your interest. Many of the best things bought
 last year for our Spring business have just arrived, owing
 to the demand for this grade of goods in the foreign
 market.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR AND CORSETS—These lines
 hardly need mention they are so well known as the most
 carefully made and of refined styles.

Ribbons, Fans, Belts, Veilings, Neckwear and
 Handkerchiefs. This is a busy section of our
 Store.

AT FAY'S BIG STORE

YOU CAN FIND A BIG LINE
 OF SUMMER GOODS.

Men's Summer Suits in Blue and Light Grey \$10 to \$15.
 Men's Negligee Shirts, white and colored, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50.
 Men and Boys' Light Weight Sweaters, all colors and prices
 Men and Boys' Straw Hats, all styles.
 A Great Variety of Men's Underwear, Hosiery, etc.
 The Latest Styles in Neckwear, 25c and 50c.
 We have the largest Shoe Department in the City. Every
 thing in Footwear for Men, Women and Children.

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 25 Cents Lb.

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